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THE MARRIAGE.

IT is easy to perceive that the event which this week ushers in is, to the English people, no formal ceremony or unmeaning pomp. Far beyond the range of the processions marshalled by heralds, and the spectacles chronicled by Court newsmen, there may be seen a more imposing sight, and a more stirring sound than the blare of trumpets reaches the attentive ear. The voice of a rejoicing people is as the music of many waters. A wedding is always singularly interesting even to those who are but remotely concerned in it, but this marriage evokes in an especial manner the sympathies of the nation.

Of the alliance itself it is enough to say that it is worthy of our Royal House. Based on that bond of mutual affection to which—as in this country we happily know—Sovereigns need be no strangers, it is one which the most prudent politician might approve. For more than a century the House of BRANDENBURG stood shoulder to shoulder with England in the great struggles for the independence of Europe. Yet it is not the political aspects of this event which mainly, or even to any large degree, govern the feelings of the people. England has happily grown, and is growing day by day more and more, independent of foreign relations. The failure of attempts in other countries to influence the politics of Europe by dynastic alliances, is too recent and too signal not to read a wholesome lesson to a nation whose geographical position at once prompts and assures a policy of independence. National interests, rather than family connexions, will, it is hoped, for the future regulate European alliances. The Royal Parents of the future Princess of Prussia, with their accustomed prudence, have shown no desire to invest the approaching marriage with a political significance. On the contrary, it is understood that the most sedulous pains have been taken to avoid even the suspicion of a wish to force English influences into the adopted home of the bride.

It is not, then, as at a political alliance or a diplomatic triumph that the people of England are glad. Their joy has a more native and homebred spring, whose outpourings come straight from the heart of the nation. We believe that we interpret the feeling of England aright when we say that the chord which this event strikes throughout the land is the true and hearty affection of the people for the QUEEN. They rejoice as in the joy of a friend who is giving her firstborn in marriage. This sentiment, so natural to a loyal and chivalrous people, has been raised in the present reign to a height of which our history affords no example, by the personal virtues of the Sovereign. England has had Princes who have blinded their subjects to their faults by the splendour of their reigns—some, whose very misfortunes have enlisted the sympathies of a generous people—others, whose characters have left them little to trust to save the obstinate loyalty of the nation. But it is no more than the simple truth to say that no monarch who has ruled in these realms ever combined to the same degree the respect which is paid to the Sovereign, with the individual and almost private devotion which is felt to the person of Queen VICTORIA. On

this occasion, when she comes forth in the ripeness of her matronhood, the memory of the nation travels back over a prosperous tract of twenty years, to that day when, scarcely older than the daughter by whom she now stands, she herself was called to the throne of England. Ingratitude is not the vice of Englishmen, and they have much for which to be thankful. The QUEEN has deserved the love of her people.

History will do justice to the benefits which the State has derived from the singular prudence and virtuous self-control which have marked her conduct in her exalted station. Called to the throne at a period when the public mind was still agitated and distracted by the waves of a great political convulsion, the restoration of confidence and stability is to be traced in no slight degree to the patriotic moderation of the Court. A great statesman has dwelt on the dangers of that period, and pointed out how difficult was the task of "reconciling a proud aristocracy to a reformed House of Commons." The part imposed upon the Sovereign in this critical transition was one which required qualities alike precious and rare. Men who wanted neither wisdom nor courage asked themselves, with doubt and fear, how the new-born popular institutions were to be reconciled to an ancient monarchy. The question, "How is the QUEEN's Government to be carried on?" has been answered by the QUEEN not less than by the people. We have lived to see the day when the Crown has parted with many of the exclusive privileges which were once thought indispensable to its stability. Yet it may be safely affirmed that at no period of our history were its essential prerogatives ever so secure, or its roots so deeply struck in the heart of the nation. Thus, while the liberties of the subject have taken a larger growth, the authority of the Crown has been only strengthened and confirmed. How different it might have been if a newly enfranchised people had had cause to look with suspicion and jealousy on the policy of the Court, we are fortunately only left to conjecture. The QUEEN has set to every power in the State a noble example of good faith and moderation in confining herself with scrupulous fidelity to the limits imposed on her by the Constitution. It would be unjust, as well as ungracious, not to acknowledge how loyally the CONSORT of the QUEEN has conformed himself to the same duties, and worthily devoted the powers of a sound judgment and an accomplished mind to the service of the nation into which he has been adopted. It is not necessary to turn back many pages in our history to read the ill-starred records of "Court parties," "Royal favourites," and "King's friends." Popular discontent was aroused against influences which the public did not understand, and the legitimate authority of the Crown was endangered while it was exercised through irresponsible instruments. Among the public virtues of the present reign, there is none more striking than the dignified and undeviating impartiality of the QUEEN. In a period of twenty years there have been many vicissitudes of public opinion, and many changes in political parties; yet the breath of faction has never dared to whisper that a Ministerial crisis was the work of Royal favouritism, or that the head of the State had sought to oppose personal predilections to the legitimate voice of her people. With dignified simplicity and self-denying prudence, the QUEEN has walked uprightly and truthfully in the path of duty and of law. She has found out a secret of power which the ambition and cunning of kingcraft has often missed. A "Court party" is not wanting to her, but it consists of a whole nation; and the "QUEEN's friends" are all her people. The country cherishes and sustains an authority which never transgresses its legitimate bounds, and is docile to an influence which is always straightforward and avowed. Yet this prudent caution was not the fruit of a cold heart, for on all occasions of public danger and distress, the QUEEN has permitted it to be plainly felt how tenderly the sympathy of the Sovereign beat in unison with the emotions of the people.

by Parliament in 1853, has barely had four years' trial. Why change it at the moment when, in any other case, you would avoid a change of Government—in the very midst of a desperate struggle for the existence of the empire? We must remember that Mr. VERNON SMITH has "thrown the reins on the necks of the Directors," and that they, in conjunction with the Calcutta Executive, are really carrying on the contest. The only ground that can be alleged is that the Court of Directors are to blame for the mutiny. But, in the name of reason and justice, let this be proved. Give them first the searching inquiry they demand. And let that inquiry extend to the acts of the Ministers of the Crown as well. Many persons—and those friends to the object of the forthcoming measure—hold that the GOVERNOR GENERAL, Lord PALMERSTON's own nominee, is the man responsible for the mutiny. We have learnt authoritatively, in the course of the debate at the India House, that the QUEEN's Government has to answer, not only for the war in Afghanistan, and the Persian war, but for the annexation of Oude. The war in Afghanistan certainly contributed to the mutiny indirectly, by lowering our *prestige*. The annexation of Oude contributed to it directly, by uniting Mahomedan vengeance to the aggrieved caste feeling of the Hindoos. Lord PALMERSTON, though he has dictatorially announced to the Court of Directors his intention of bringing in a Bill to abolish them, has not thought it politic to state his grounds for taking that step at this particular moment. He has not said—"In consequence of the mutiny now raging in Bengal, I propose at once to change the form of government for India." If he were in the Castle of Truth he would say—"I know that this is the worst possible moment for a change of Government; and I know that if anybody is to blame for the mutiny, it is rather the Queen's Government than the Company. But the present excitement gives me an opportunity of grasping at the Indian Government, patronage, and army, of which I mean to take advantage. And just as your demand for inquiry is, it would be inconvenient to grant it—first, because the public mind would become calm, and secondly, because the result of the inquiry would be to acquit the administration of the Company at the expense of the Queen's Ministers who have intermeddled with it, and especially of the authors of the invasion of Afghanistan."

The Directors are not diplomatists. They state their case frankly to the nation, careless of the blind prejudices which they excite, and of the misconstruction to which they may be exposed. They boldly proclaim themselves the guardians of the principle of governing India for the benefit of the Indian people, and thereby enable the PREMIER to array against them the furious hatred of the party who desire to govern India for the benefit of the English settlers, and who see in the independence of the Indian Government the only obstacle to the fulfilment of that desire. They also proclaim themselves the guardians of the principle of religious toleration, as laid down and enforced by the Legislature of this country, and thereby draw upon themselves the hostility of a great religious party, strangely allied with the aristocratic intrigue and lust which have bought it with bishoprics, and, having bought it, insult it to its face by the appointment of a CLANRICARDE. And again they have drawn on themselves an envenomed appeal to popular vanity by their bold declaration that English public opinion is unfitted for the direct government of Hindostan. Yet we can hardly believe that the practical sense of our countrymen will be so mystified by the sophistry of the *Times*, as not to distinguish between a low estimate of their capacity for managing their own affairs and a low estimate of their capacity for managing the affairs of a people who, far removed from us as they are in place, are not so far removed in place as they are in character and manners. The article in the *Times* of yesterday was, perhaps, the most paltry thing that has appeared in the whole discussion. We were in hopes, from the pause in those reckless harangues, and from the undisputed predominance of INDOPHILUS, that the better and more independent element in the leading journal had prevailed over that subserviency to the Minister which is apparent in more ways than one. We were led to indulge this hope the more confidently, because iconoclasm had been evidently dropped, and the Christianizing influences of science had been again dwelt upon in a tone that reminded us of better days. But we are deceived. INDOPHILUS still extinguishes the leaders, and on Thursday last he extinguished by anticipation the leader of yesterday. He then enumerated the difficulties the British nation would labour

under in undertaking to manage the affairs of 200,000,000 of people on the other side of the globe. Among these are "popular ignorance," "indifference, the close ally of ignorance," "the tendency to make the interests of India secondary and subordinate to those of England through the operation of party and class spirit," the incapacity of Parliamentary Governments for the special purposes of administration, and the jobbing which pervades our establishments, and which would be extended to India if the Parliamentary were substituted for the special Government. Let any man compare the letter to which we refer with the leaders of the *Times*, and those of the other Ministerial organs to boot. We are content that the question should be judged by the result.

THE ATTEMPT OF THE RUE LEPELLETIER.

WE need hardly express a formal opinion on the atrocious and deplorable attempt of the Rue Lepelletier. We have an equal abhorrence of all assassins, whether they be those who desperately seek the life of a despot at the peril of their own, or those who, from the safe recesses of a palace, send forth their myrmidons to massacre an innocent people. Whatever their motives, or whatever their pretences, the verdict of morality and the judgment of Heaven are the same upon them all. Nor would there be any use in our attempting to make the feeble voice of reasonable joy at the failure of the attempt, heard among the hallelujahs of ecstatic sycophancy which the escape of the EMPEROR has called forth. None, of course, are louder or more enthusiastic than those who, within the memory of man, though not of leading journalists, were exalted to a Pythian rapture of moral indignation at the foundation of the Empire on the ruins of the Republic, and whose applauded correspondents of that day were allowed, in their Republican eloquence, to say things suggestive at least of the merit of redeeming liberty from usurping tyrants. However, were we, for want of words courtly enough of our own, to choose a mouthpiece on the occasion from the English press, we should select another contemporary who exclaims—"It would seem that the British people never before realized the fact that the tranquillity of Europe and their own commercial interests were altogether dependent on a single life." Cardinal WISEMAN, too, in his homily at the French Chapel, was of course most fervent in his ejaculations. Now that soul is moved indeed, from which the atrocities of the Sepoys drew but a forced tear. And he has reason to call the attempt of the Rue Lepelletier the greatest crime in history; though the EMPEROR rather awkwardly reminds him of the murder of HENRY IV., and the annals of mankind tell of older crimes committed in the streets of Paris—if, indeed, they were crimes. We will say nothing of the "bases of society," which seemed tolerably firm under a constitutional régime; but it is most true that, according to Cardinal WISEMAN's view of the Church, a sensualist and atheist despotism is the main support on earth of the Church of God. If the successor of the Apostles is in the right, the hopes of Christianity rest on the third CÆSAR. And thus the existence of true religion is at the mercy, not only of a projectile, but of a debauch. This is, indeed, one of the critical moments of history. We will not stoop to defend the party of constitutional liberty in Europe from the charge of complicity or sympathy with the contrivers of an infernal machine—such a defence would be a slander. Nor does the attempt to assassinate a despot affect, in any way, the general question between despotism and liberty, either for France or for the world, except so far as it reveals the abyss over which public order, under a despotism, hangs. We need not, therefore, consider, with our contemporaries, how far the "double exports," which they celebrate as conclusive in one page, do really make up to moral and religious beings for the demoralization and religious oppression which they announce in another; or how far a commonwealth would be entitled to extraordinary praise for not committing unprovoked brigandage on its neighbours, or for not betraying its ally in the middle of a war which it had itself provoked. As to what has happened, therefore, there is little left for us to do, but to deplore the accidental victims whose wholesale destruction was the most atrocious part of the plot. The lancer who, though mortally wounded, sat on his horse at his post of duty till he died, may, perhaps, live when the sycophants of the BONAPARTES are with the sycophants of the CÆSARS.

But a practical question has arisen. Is England to be the

nest of conspiracies against the lives or governments of foreign sovereigns? We some time ago ventured to urge that this is an evil against which our law ought efficiently to provide. This country is, and is justly proud to be, the asylum of the unfortunate of all countries and of all parties. LOUIS NAPOLEON himself, when a revolutionist and an exile, enjoyed and abused the advantage of the common sanctuary. We may boast that many a Continental politician, who has spent the first half of his life in opposing and maligning England, has spent the second half under her magnanimous protection. In this we not only follow the dictates of chivalry and humanity, but do an important service to civilization. Principles of truth, on either side, the preservation of which is essential to the future progress of humanity, but which the tyrannical exclusiveness of the dominant party, in its moment of triumph, would exterminate, may live here till the hour for their renewed activity returns. M. DE MORNAY, revolving the annals of history, will perceive that Imperialism itself, in the "cosmopolitan" period of its destinies, would have been blotted out from the political world, had not our "egotism" isolated itself from the police of neighbouring nations. But morality and our own interest alike forbid us to allow the sanctuary to be turned into a stronghold of pirates and assassins. Our sufferance of these conspiracies has disgraced and imperilled us too long. We have become accomplices before the world, not only of the attempt of the Rue Lepelletier, but of the attempts of Strasburg and Boulogne. There surely can be no difficulty or hesitation in dealing with a conspiracy against the life or government of a foreign sovereign, carried on within our jurisdiction, as we should deal with any other crime indictable and punishable by English law. It might be made, if desirable, a distinct statutable offence. Our police would, of course, if called upon by any aggrieved parties, lend their assistance in detecting, and our Government in prosecuting, this as well as any ordinary breach of law. Diplomacy, acting without trial, proof, or publicity, and varying in its principles from Whig to Tory, cannot be allowed to decide arbitrarily and darkly on the character and liberties of any man living within the pale of English law. The President of the Senate is so good as to suggest a more intimate union for the prosecution of a "common work." But he anticipates the march of opinion in assuming that our work is common. The images of M. DE MORNAY and his compeers have not yet superseded those of HAMPDEN, SOMERS, and CHATHAM in our hearts. England does not wish to meddle with the politics of her neighbours, but her sympathies are still on the side of the free.

It seems clear that all the conspirators are Italians, aiming at the life not of the Emperor of the FRENCH, but of the chief supporter of despotism and Jesuitism in Europe. All sane Frenchmen have become convinced that the way out of the abyss of political and social degradation into which France has sunk, is not by the destruction of a single life, even if such destruction were not a crime. The French people, therefore, are naturally indignant at seeing the life of the chief of their Government attempted, and their political tranquillity endangered by foreigners, for objects which are not those of France. But France must remember that she has brought this danger on herself by an atrocious wrong done to Rome. The Roman Republic had not provoked that almost unparalleled breach of international law and justice in any way whatever. It had not aggressed, or threatened to aggress, by arms or propagandism, directly or indirectly, on France or any other nation. It had not even been guilty of any internal excesses but such as are absolutely inevitable when a people long deprived by slavery first finds itself in the possession of freedom. It had as good a right to a fair struggle for the consolidation of its liberties, undisturbed by foreign intervention, as the constitutional France of 1789 had to a fair struggle for her liberties, undisturbed by the insolent injustice of the Coalition. The expulsion of the POPE was an act exactly like the expulsion of the BOURBONS, or the expulsion of the STUARTS. He was expelled as a civil tyrant—a character quite distinct from, and not covered by, his spiritual pretensions. If France chose to support him as her spiritual ruler, she might have found him a place, as she had done before, in her own territory; or, if the particular locality was indispensable to the Spirit, she might have negotiated his establishment at Rome as a pontiff, not as a prince. What she did under the direction of the "party of order," and for their electioneering purposes, was one of the most flagrant crimes in history. Let Englishmen remember how they feel towards the attempt of LOUIS XIV. to re-impose on them the Popish despotism of

JAMES II. in the cause of Legitimacy and for the interest of the Church. What the domination is which France restored and now upholds at Rome, we know only by glimpses—we are bound to know more before we take part in any "common work." It must be allowed that the tameness with which we bear the occupation of Rome against all international law, and the forcible maintenance of the POPE by foreign arms, is a strange comment on our blustering attitude towards weaker nations on occasions when no principle is involved. Perhaps we may one day have reason to wish that we had borne ourselves more gently towards the weak, and more boldly towards the strong. Meantime, France and her EMPEROR are reaping the fruits of their own injustice. It is a trodden worm that stings them, be its sting never so criminal. LOUIS NAPOLEON may at once extinguish the source of danger to his life by ceasing to employ the army of Arcola and Marengo in riveting the chains which the noblest blood of France was shed to strike off from the oppressed benefactress of the civilized world. But the Empire would brand as felons the companions of DESAIX. The Italians alone are held guilty in this tragedy—on them alone "axe and cord" are emulously invoked by the journalists who shout round the Imperial guillotine. And justly, for they alone are weak. But it is as well to remember that there is a morality which takes no account of strength or weakness, and which will one day judge us all.

The EMPEROR has taken the opportunity of this criminal attempt to give the world his views as to his own position and that of the Empire; but we are not aware that what he has said has in any way altered our conceptions. We all knew before what we are told now, that the Empire is a military tyranny, like that which sprung from the crimes and corruptions of declining Rome. JULIUS CÆSAR is pointed to, by the Imperial self-appreciation, as having prefigured in history the intended victim of the Italian conspiracy. But JULIUS fell beneath the dagger of BRUTUS. It was the third CÆSAR that escaped from the peril that threatened him and his suite, on the occasion when SEJANUS, faithful to death, was found protecting with his body the body of his Imperial friend. This form of government by the sword is, the EMPEROR tells us, notwithstanding the insinuations of detractors, not unfavourable to generous impulses. Not only does it permit such impulses, but it enforces them, provided always that they take the direction of an enthusiastic adhesion to CÆSAR and his *entourage*. Nor is the Empire opposed to "progress." On the contrary, it demands more force, more repressive laws, and the extinction even of the faint image which is still paid to the shadow of liberty in the elections; and it hastens its "progress" every day towards the forms as well as the realities of despotism. It has just made a great step in advance by proclaiming the final suppression of independent journalism in France. We must take leave, as the subject is mooted by the EMPEROR and his advocates, to speak honestly on this question. It would be very foolish in Englishmen to allow themselves to be irritated at what passes abroad. It may be easily admitted that the domestic condition of another country is a matter with which we are not called on in any way to interfere. To say that it is a matter in which we are not interested would be to take far too cold a view of our relations to the other members of the great moral and intellectual system of which every European nation forms a part. The most determined enemy of despotism among us would, if placed in any public situation, be most punctilious in the discharge of all international duties towards the Government of France, including that of protecting it against conspiracies hatched within our jurisdiction. But in that free discussion of events among ourselves which our institutions not only sanction but enjoin, there is no reason why we should forget the principles to which we ourselves owe half our morality as well as all our greatness. The military despotism of France, like that with which it frankly compares itself, is the natural, perhaps the necessary, consequence of the excesses of liberty which gave it birth. It is a terrible and salutary lesson given by Providence to the vanity and selfishness of man. But its existence is not the less to be deplored by all who own a heart not entirely satisfied by "double exports." It is the undoubted enemy, and supports the undoubted enemies, of the political, social, and spiritual advancement of the world. No moral or religious man would desire to see it struck down by the knife of the assassin. Every moral and religious man must desire to see its mischievous domination, and that of its stockjobbing and Jesuit accomplices, brought again under the constraint of law by a constitutional struggle,

for which, in spite of all appearances, we still hope there may be moral force in France. The steady attitude of non-complicity, maintained, at great personal sacrifices, by the better minds of the nation, is a great and potent fact; and its importance, though it may be sneered at here, is acknowledged there in those promises of amnesty and favour to all who will "recognise the national will," which are still renewed, but renewed in vain.

THE GREAT DOWBIGGIN BILL.

IT is vain for the thick-and-thin Ministerialists to slur over the true nature of the forthcoming India Bill. The real question which Lord PALMERSTON'S measure will submit to Parliament is, whether India shall be administered by LAWRENCE or by DOWBIGGINS. If anything were wanting to establish this, it would be supplied by the curious admission made by every single apologist of the new system, that the Whig aristocracy may have all the Indian places for their relations if they only think proper to take them. The *Globe* acknowledges that a Whig Minister will job, but argues that his leavings are good enough for the middle classes. The *Examiner* says that the Crown authorities have all the fat things already. The *Times* urges that Indian work is hard work, and that no member of the aristocracy will deign to put a finger to it. All allow that, if natural energy or incidental penury supplies the needful stimulus, the DOWBIGGINS may appropriate India.

It is not true that, under the existing system, the great offices of India are at the absolute disposal of the Crown. We are aware that, through the influence of the Board of Control, the Crown has obtained the virtual nomination to many posts which strict law places in the gift of the Directors; but, in exchange for this, the Directors have acquired the privilege of canvassing more or less freely all the Crown appointments. This supervision has not prevented the Minister of the day from jobbing scandalously; but still there was some limit to the scandal. It was difficult, if not impossible, to promote a man of influence at BROOKES'S to high Indian office, simply because he was beginning to get out in society, or because he had disturbed the Hebrew market by an over-issue of paper without specie to meet it. The criticism of a Board of able administrators was some protection against scandalous incapacity. The criticism of a dozen gentlemen from the middle classes was some sort of barrier against scandalous immorality. But when India is under the direct government of the Crown, these checks disappear. The objections of a Council of India meeting under the same roof with the Minister will perhaps be overruled as illegal, and certainly resented as impertinent. Moreover, if the Secretary of State for India is a person of greater weight than heretofore in the Cabinet, he will probably be a person of greater importance in society; and, if so, he will more than ever require some middle-class advisers to correct his views of the morality and capacity which the country demands in the statesmen who are to administer its dependencies. A Minister who, in private life, floats on the top of the *crème de la crème* of fashion, may have the very best intentions, and yet may make the most incredible promotions from merely following the way of his own little world. Great society is terribly apt to assume that a man is fit for anything who plays admirably at whist, or makes a good book at Doncaster; nor does it see why a man's morals should exclude him from office when its own lenient standards of conduct still permit him the entrance into drawing-rooms. There is little doubt that a late appointment may be explained in this way. We leave to the religious journals the characteristic fib that Lord CLANRICARDE was forced into the Cabinet by Lord GRANVILLE. For ourselves, we are quite ready to believe that Lord PALMERSTON made him Privy Seal from knowing nothing about him which should unfit him for office. Why should he know better? Long before Lord PALMERSTON was a man of the people, or a man of God, he was a man of *ton*. Lord CLANRICARDE has done nothing which the best society has not condoned. He has been accused of nothing which in Lord PALMERSTON'S youth would have been even thought worth mentioning. Probably the PREMIER would be perfectly amazed to hear that the whole middle class is up in arms against his last appointment, and that the religious world is driven to mendacity to defend it.

It is but a sorry prospect for the middle classes, if their own field of patronage is to be preserved for them simply by the unwillingness of the aristocracy to share it. We

agree with an able daily contemporary that on this point there are serious delusions abroad. It is said that India is distant and unhealthy, and Indian work distasteful. But India has been brought near us by the overland route; and its unhealthiness, always greatly exaggerated, has been much diminished by the progress of medical science. Nor is Indian office any exception to the rule that an idle or incompetent man, once planted in a place, may generally trust the kindness or listlessness of mankind to leave him there. Aristocratic houses too, it has been very truly remarked, have multiplied so fast of late years as to be willing to send their members to appointments far less easy and dignified than the berths provided by Indian service. But the great reason for believing that the upper classes are perfectly ready to flood India with their cadets, is the fact that the fields they occupy have been of late so seriously narrowed. The measure of independence recently conceded to the Colonies has involved the right of filling the greater part of local offices with local men, and it is no longer possible to provide colonially for a relation, unless his influence is on the PHIPPS scale, and he can be jobbed into a Governorship. India is, therefore, being brought under the sceptre of Mr. Mother-country just in time to make up for the disposable places which that paternal ruler has been recently forced to surrender. Not that we suppose for a moment that India will ever be a favourite place of employment for the scions of great Whig families. It is quite hot enough, and distant enough, and unwholesome enough, to be disliked. But this very fact, that Indian place will only be solicited *faute de mieux*, furnishes the very strongest reason for looking with apprehension on the proposed change. If the English aristocracy would occupy India in the same sense in which the middle classes have taken possession of it, we cheerfully admit that it might be admirably administered. But no such emigration will occur. The aristocracy includes men of the highest character, and men endowed with all the various forms of intellectual power, but it also includes men whose abilities and honesty would be adequately rewarded by the post of marker in a public billiard-room. The first will stay at home—the last will go to India. Our great dependency will be governed by the very worst of one class, instead of the very best of another.

Assuming that the middle classes will have something left to them after the Minister for India has given away all he pleases, or all he dares, to his friends and his friends' friends, the prizes will fall to a much worse section of the middle class than that which enjoys them at present. Ultimately, no doubt, the middle class governs the country; but the "strictly constitutional system" of British Government interposes between the electors and the Ministers of the Crown a whole cloud of jobbers, who will have to be fed first simply through their proximity to the dispenser of patronage. The voter who allows his political action to be shaped by a sense of duty will shrink from demanding place for his son at the price of conscientious adherence; and even if he were less scrupulous, he would be postponed to electioneering attorneys, prostituted journalists, and the hangers-on of partisan Club-houses. The upper part of the middle class will probably cease to have any hold whatever upon Indian office. Under the existing system, nobody is troubled with any feeling of degradation in soliciting the good things of which the East India Directorate disposes. It is not difficult to make interest with persons who are of your own social standing; and gentlemen who have served in India are in the habit of applying without introduction for appointments, of which about a third are known to be systematically bestowed on the children of retired functionaries. But access to a great Minister is a very different matter. Some sense of servility attends applications to men of a different rank from your own. The chances are, that the gentlemen of good blood and moderate fortune, as well as the *emeriti* of Indian service, will withdraw altogether, and leave the slow passage up the backstairs to professional jobbers.

An extensive system of competitive tests might possibly be so arranged as to bar downright incapables from accomplishing the road to India. But, as we have before observed, such a system will do nothing to obviate the greatest danger of all—alteration in the standard of preferment as it obtains in India itself. Competitive examinations have, on the contrary, a certain tendency to encourage nepotism in all grades of promotion except the lowest; for a Minister, at the very moment when he is perpetrating an act of the grossest injustice, may manage to defy criticism by pointing out that

his favoured relative satisfied the original criterion. The competitive system may fill India with men of fair ability; but a man of fair ability and great connexions may have a scandalous preference given him over men whose proved abilities are something more than fair. Those who cried shame or jeered at a famous Crimean message were always told that Major DOWBIGN was an exceedingly good officer. We have not a doubt of it; but was that any reason for making him *primus inter pares*? Was that any reason for linking his name to the announcement of a step which was to influence the success of his country's arms, and to involve the preservation or destruction of ten thousand souls of heroes? Let us not forget that grotesque lesson. One Whig Minister showed us that the welfare of a numerous and splendid army and the professional success of a kinsman had something like a parity of interest for him. Another statesman of the party may yet prove that zeal for the security of India divides his breast with the same class of considerations. The Mediterranean telegraph is nearly completed; the Red Sea cable is being manufactured; who knows we may yet live to read a message in this form? "The Governor-General is recalled. The Bishop of Calcutta is to take his place. The mosques and temples are to be immediately destroyed. Take care of Dowb."'

THE POLICY OF THE JOINT STOCK BANKS.

THERE is no pleasure in the world like looking back on a great peril that we have just contrived to escape. The more nearly we have touched upon disaster, the more unbounded is our exultation. It matters not that the danger may have been the result of our own recklessness, and that the escape has come more by good luck than good management—it is enough that we have weathered the storm without injury. A dashing skipper derives infinite satisfaction from having carried on to the last extremity. What was madness when the hurricane was threatening, looks something like heroic courage after the winds and waves have subsided; and so he gives himself up to unmixed joy and exultation at the safety of the ship which he may have done his best to founder. If we bear in mind this natural propensity, we shall be able to comprehend what might otherwise seem the unaccountable jubilation of the Metropolitan Joint Stock Banks. To judge by the speeches of their chairmen at the meetings which have been held during the past week, one might imagine that they had rescued the commercial community from threatened destruction, instead of having been the main cause of the disasters that have occurred. But the trouble has blown over, and they have come out of it alive and safe. With such cause for gratulation, it is not very wonderful that they take to boasting; and if laudation of their own past policy did not imply persistence in the same course in future, we would not say a word to disturb their happy frame of mind. This much at least is certain—that the old tactics are to be continued, money is to be raised without stint, almost at its full market value, and invested so closely as scarcely to leave any margin to provide for contingencies. All will go on merrily till another season of pressure, and then the same consequences will recur, with perhaps even more ruinous results. First, a sudden contraction of accommodation by the Joint Stock Banks—then, as an inevitable effect, a tremendous demand for discounts at the Bank of England—next, the exhaustion of the reserve in Threadneedle Street, and the suspension of the Act of 1844—followed, if the foreign drain happens to have stopped, by a gradual revival of confidence, but, if it should still continue, by the bankruptcy of the Issue Department, and the collapse of English credit.

The London and Westminster Bank is certainly not the least favourable specimen of the class to which it belongs, and something may be learned from the Directors' statement of their past and present management. We can criticise it the more freely as an illustration of the general policy of these institutions, because there is every reason to believe that its affairs have been conducted with as much prudence as the deposit system admits of, and its present position certainly appears to be quite unexceptionable. Its liabilities on deposits, for the most part at call, or payable at a few days' notice, are stated to be 13,900,000*l.*, which is about their average amount. Its assets amount to 15,120,000*l.*, of which more than 2,000,000*l.* is in cash—nearly 5,000,000*l.* available within a few days—and as much more invested in discounts and loans to customers, which are or ought to be convertible at no very distant date. Besides this, the Bank

holds nearly 2,000,000*l.* in Consols, India Bonds, and other securities, and has half a million lent to the East India Company. As Mr. Alderman SALOMONS said, no Bank need show a fairer account. If the Chairman's statement had stopped here, it would perhaps have been as well; but he courted inquiry into the past no less than the present, and volunteered to show that this present state of things had not arisen since the panic, and was not produced by any prudential course adopted in consequence of the emergency. In fact, he would have us believe that the normal condition of the Bank is represented by a balance sheet showing more than 2,000,000*l.* of cash in reserve, and 5,000,000*l.* more, which can be called in within a day or two, besides a very large investment in Government Stock.

We give the Directors credit for the most perfect accuracy in their statements of specific facts; but unfortunately the Chairman, in labouring to prove that the present account is a fair sample of the average condition of the Bank, has made it abundantly clear that it is altogether exceptional. One *à priori* consideration is enough to settle the point. If the Bank kept its funds at all times in such a state of investment as this, it would every year make a loss instead of a profit of 20 per cent. Assuming one per cent. as the margin between its lending and borrowing rates, 3,000,000*l.* lying idle would, in average times, absorb every farthing of profit. To keep 2,000,000*l.* as reserve and 6,000,000*l.* or 7,000,000*l.* invested in Consols or under immediate command, as at present, would far more than exhaust the profit made by the employment of the remaining assets; and we are therefore forced to conclude, in spite of the Chairman's assertions, that the balance-sheet paraded with so much boasting does not give the faintest representation of the average position of the Bank. But Alderman SALOMONS backs up his assertion by some additional facts, which are even more conclusive against the theory which he would have the world believe. He refers not only to the state of affairs in January, 1858, but to the position of the Bank at the climax of the panic on the 11th of November last. At that date, it seems that there was about 2,000,000*l.* in hand, 1,700,000*l.* which could be turned into cash in a few days, 3,000,000*l.* of bills falling due within three weeks, and 2,000,000*l.* more, payable before the end of the year, besides 2,000,000*l.* invested in Government stock. The same remark applies to this statement as to that which relates to the present time. The Bank was losing money as long as that state of things continued, and although the profits of the summer quarter may have covered the loss and provided the present dividend, the balance since October would be largely adverse. No doubt it was very wise to buy safety even at a high price, but it is too much to try to persuade the public that such precautions, if continued, are compatible with enormous profits or with any dividends at all. The real truth is plain enough. The London and Westminster Bank was so far well handled that the crisis was foreseen and met by excessive contraction. Before the worst came, all had been made snug. The amount of bills discounted was reduced during October and the early part of November by some millions; the reserve was raised to the respectable amount shown in the Chairman's statement; further sums were put out at call at a loss, or without profit, so as to be available whenever wanted; and before the middle of November the Bank was tolerably safe against a run.

But it is a matter of very secondary importance just now how the Bank stood at the end of the crisis. What the public wants to know is the regular course of business in ordinary times, and not the mere results of the expedients by which the Directors were fortunate enough to tide over the difficulty. It would have been more to the purpose to publish the accounts of September and October so as to show the average caution displayed by the Bank. We should then see plainly enough how the very action by which the Bank saved itself, and to which its principles of business forced it, was among the most efficient causes of the strain on the Bank of England and the consequent infraction of the Act of 1844. But the Chairman, with all his candour, does not venture to report the condition of the Bank when the first intimation of the crisis arrived. He does, however, tell us quite enough to guide us to a pretty safe guess in the matter. In November, he says that the greater part of the 5,000,000*l.* of bills held by the Bank were due at a very early date. This alone is enough to show that they were merely the remains of a much larger business, and that a severe contraction had been going on. Indeed, we

have no doubt that Alderman SALOMONS might have stated with perfect truth that the magnificent reserve of 2,000,000*l.* was a mere temporary provision which it would have been impossible for the bank to maintain without loss while it continued to carry on its deposit business.

Now we are very far from finding fault with the successful precautions of the London and Westminster or any other Joint Stock Bank. What we do lament is, that their ordinary business is conducted on a lax principle, which not only exposes them to danger, but compels them, when a crisis comes, to adopt measures of restriction so sudden and violent as almost certainly to produce universal panic, and to throw upon the Bank of England a pressure which it cannot fairly be expected to bear. Half-a-dozen or more large establishments cannot all at once reduce their accustomed discounts by several millions each, without deranging the whole course of business; and the Joint Stock Banks must do this at every crisis, so long as their rule is to buy deposits with tempting interest, and invest them closely up, without keeping more than a nominal reserve. One sentence of the Chairman's speech would, with a slight alteration, explain the actual, if not the avowed, policy of our Joint Stock Banks. "A bank," he said, "really required 'no capital for its ordinary concerns. It conducted its business on credit. It was only in threatening times that 'capital should be resorted to as an aid.' Read 'reserve' instead of 'capital,' and these dogmas become a perfect epitome of the whole theory of banking according to the newest lights. The system is full of danger, and the worst feature of it is, that the practice of giving high interest on deposits at call, when adopted by one class of banks, must sooner or later be forced by the effect of competition upon all. There is, however, sufficient combination among the different banks to establish rules which will be accepted as binding upon all; and some common agreement to reduce their rate of interest, and prolong the notice required before withdrawal, would do much to diminish the risks of their present practice. The idea of making some such rule as this compulsory by Act of Parliament has already been started, and will doubtless be pressed before the Select Committee. There are grave objections to any legislative interference in the details of business, but the mischief done to the whole community has been so serious that the banks can hardly expect to be left to their own devices unless they show a disposition to adopt some measures of precaution, even at the cost of a small portion of their accustomed profits.

CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

ALMOST all the meetings which have been held in London to consider the prospects of Christianity in India have been attended by persons who have themselves served as missionaries, and it is exceedingly remarkable that neither in the confidence of their language, nor in the splendour of their promises, have these gentlemen nearly equalled the home-staying haunters of Exeter Hall platforms. It would be too much to say that the missionaries do not, as a body, expect something from their proposed alliance with the Government of India; but we suspect that, if we could sift them and confine ourselves to the opinions of those among them who are best qualified for their work, we should find that they regard the secular assistance proffered to them with a great deal of mistrust and some little dread. Among a vast number of very valuable letters on this subject which we have received from persons familiar with India—letters which the nature of this journal alone prevents us from publishing *in extenso*—there is one which tells the following significant story:—"I was myself," says the writer, "a magistrate in India at the station where the first mission 'was set on foot in a recently annexed territory. The missionary, a devoted and faithful labourer, sent out by 'one of the American Societies, was a personal friend of 'my own. I urged him occasionally to visit me. He rarely 'accepted my invitations, and why? I learned afterwards 'that he feared lest the frequency of his access to the representative of Government might be noticed by the quick-witted natives, and induce their seeking for intercourse 'with the missionary to secure the favour of the magistrate. 'This single-minded fellow was himself a native. He knew 'the native character, its sycophancy, its almost insuperable 'tendency to use any means to arrive at its ends. He knew 'all this, and, though he had scarcely a soul to speak to, he 'preferred remaining in solitude to hindering his work."

Some writers on India congratulate themselves that the

British public is labouring with so much conscientious earnestness to acquaint itself with the country which Lord PALMERSTON intends it to govern. We wish we could believe that the knowledge acquired, so far as it has gone, is anything better than a deeper ignorance, caused chiefly by the omission to notice the specific differences which separate Oriental and Western character. The destroyers of the Double Government are evidently blind to the construction which every native of India who is capable of thinking at all will put upon the overthrow of the Company's Raj; and, as our correspondent shows, the clamourers for the "assertion 'of Christianity'" have no conception whatever of the effect which an open preference of native Christians by Government functionaries is likely to have upon native minds. It is now pretty generally believed that Mr. MONTGOMERY's famous letter was a private document, which some unscrupulous partisan has converted into a public manifesto; and, if this be its true character, it is altogether free from objection. If, however, it was really intended that the Government should openly create the missionaries its delegates for the selection even of police-officers, we are perfectly certain that the results would be such as Exeter Hall itself would consider frightful. It is extremely doubtful whether the effect would be to produce even insincere Christians in any great numbers. A people which is remarkable for nothing so much as a diseased acuteness in detecting the foibles of human character, would soon discover a peculiarity—a very natural and pardonable one—which seldom fails to characterize the missionary. It would be found out that a heathen just hovering on the brink of conversion is a good deal more interesting than an actual convert. We suspect that the missionary's school-room would be filled with a crowd of patient and attentive hearers, all of whom—for they would soon catch up the proper common-places—would feel their consciences troubled and their hearts softening. Convinced they would not be; something would still remain before it could be proved to them that the beliefs of their childhood were gross superstitions; but meantime, though they might perhaps be postponed to avowed Christians, it would be hard if persons in this attractive state of mind were not preferred to mere obstinate devotees of Krishna and Kallee. A native practising this Hindoo version of the expedient of Simon Magus, would be in a peculiarly favourable position. He would retain caste and obtain promotion. The Sahibs would notice him; their ladies would exhort him; and, so long as he stopped short of baptism, his co-religionists would respect him as a marvellously clever fellow.

Few of the writers and speakers who bid us not be ashamed of our Christianity appear to expect that the active discouragement of Brahminism by the Government of India will produce very sincere Christians in the first instance. It would not be very unjust to accuse them of reasoning, with the perpetrator of the dragonnades, that, though the converts may be hypocrites, their children will probably believe genuinely. But this unworthy calculation may be miserably disappointed. Perhaps there is no country in the world in which a nominal Christianity is so immense a danger as it is in India. It may possibly be true of the Maori or the South Sea Islanders that even a pretence of Christianity is a gain. In the second generation, the impurer faith may be driven out by the purer, and leave no trace behind. But in India there is great risk that a half-believed Christianity will form some abominable amalgamation with Brahminism. The rude fetichism of contemporary savage races, like the sensuous heathenism of antiquity, either resists Christianity, or is displaced by it altogether; but these Eastern superstitions have always had a fatal facility of uniting with it in monstrous combinations. Debased as they are, they have still some characteristics which prevent their standing to it in the same posture of violent antagonism which is necessarily assumed by mere polytheism. They involve a sincere belief in future rewards and punishments—they recognise the distinction between spirit and matter—they do not repudiate the posthumous existence of the body. Christianity has never come in contact with them without experiencing the sense of contamination. Its early history was one prolonged, violent, and successful effort to shake off their influence. We of the Western world read with as much astonishment as disgust of the monstrous forms assumed by some of the primitive heresies; but the reason of this is our nearly complete estrangement from the theosophies of the East. We may depend upon it that, if we fill the minds of our Indian subjects with a sham Christianity, it will not expel their old faith, but assimilate with it. Buddhism is, on the whole, a much less dangerous

neighbour than Brahminism; and yet how foul a result did the catechisms of the Chinese rebels disclose, produced by blending the half-understood tenets of the Roman Catholic missions with the maxims and traditions of Fo! Bad as that was, it was probably less execrable than would be a mixture of Scriptural with Vedaic doctrine. What may we not look for if we spread a thin varnish of make-believe Christianity over a religion which, though it sanctifies almost every sin denounced in the Decalogue, includes nevertheless a Trinity and an Incarnation, and inculcates the efficacy of vicarious suffering?

We could have hoped that it was unnecessary to insist on the uselessness of ungentle conversions. But the noisy, rhetorical, and factitious religionism of our day is trying to give a value to conversion by force and to conversion by bribery. These shabby Dominics do not see that a dishonest Christian convert contracts *ipso facto* a worse defilement than the most fanatical devotee of caste ever shuddered at in his dreams. Yet perhaps they may be induced to think twice before they deliberately assist in bringing back the age of heresies. A few years of violent or fraudulent proselytism would generate in India some forms of belief compared with which Mormonism itself would be a religion of infantine purity.

THE GREAT SOCIAL EVIL.

WE have established a right to have our say on what is somewhat pragmatically called "The Great Social Evil," because, ever since this Journal existed, we have repeatedly treated the disagreeable subject of prostitutes and prostitution as one emphatically requiring the attention of the practical statesman as well as of the moralist. Long before the St. James's movement was inaugurated, we have spoken of penitentiaries and their inmates. It is, therefore, with no slight satisfaction that we notice, on all sides, indications that something is to be done. At present, it may be enough that people talk about the matter, and hold meetings, and congratulate themselves that the *Times*—following, in fact, public opinion—writes about it. It may, perhaps, be better that things should rest here for awhile. We are not ripe for additional legislation. When we legislate, it must be upon principles which writers and talkers have not yet got a thorough hold of; and though we are quite certain that, sooner or later, the matter must be legislated upon, we had better, at first, try the existing laws. The influences of panic and popular indignation are not the best under which to deal with the most difficult and delicate matter that can try the nerves and principles of the most prudent statesman. It will be quite enough for the next twelvemonth, say, to cleanse Regent-street, and Piccadilly, and the Haymarket, from the sort of spectacle which they exhibit after nightfall. And this we believe to be quite within the range of the law as it stands. There may be all sorts of difficulties about the matter, just as Lord LYNCHURST suggested every variety of hitch in working the Holywell-street Act. But in the one case as in the other, if we choose, they will be surmounted. All these minor regulations of the externals of society can be worked when we set to with a will to make them work. Only the case requires a stiff backing of public opinion. Street cries and the like nuisances are not thoroughly put down, though there is plenty of law against them in the Statute-Book, and especially in the Metropolitan Police Act, because opinion is not unanimous—because the general sense of an intolerable abuse has not been consolidated. Social restrictions on individual liberty can only be enforced by universal consent. It will not do to fine people for beating their mats after nine o'clock, A.M. So the law sleeps. But what is called street prostitution—i.e., the solicitation in Coventry-street—is intolerable. We all feel it to be intolerable. It is past all endurance that some of the greatest thoroughfares in London should be actually impassable for half the working day to any decent woman or respectable man. We have come to realize one half of the old rhetorical paradox—we cannot bear our vices. It is said that we cannot bear their remedies. Let us see. The attempt to clear our streets from that flaunting and hideous type of harlotry which they now present, may commit us to a good many other things—we believe that it will do so. But this is not the question. We can deal with the immediate evil, and with the present law, and with future difficulties or duties as we are ready for them. But one thing at a time. All that is wanted to do this one thing is that the proper hints should be given from

the Home Office and the Police Courts to work the law as it stands, and to try its efficacy. The title "Street Walkers" occurs in the books—let us see what we can make of it.

We say this because, judging from the proceedings of the deputation from the western parishes which met the other day at St. James's Vestry, we do not think that parochial wisdom is yet sufficiently master of the subject to deal with it. The talk was on all sides vague and unpractical. Evidently, the speakers have not got a firm grasp either of the evil or of its remedy. Mr. GARNIER, for example—a Marylebone clergyman, who, from his station and acquirements, might be expected to speak with decision—seems particularly hesitating and obscure. He says that there are two errors which we ought to avoid:—"One is, supposing that legislative interference can eradicate the evil; the other is, that it is the duty of Government to license brothels, and to register prostitutes, and thus to take vice under its direct patronage and protection." He adds that "such interference would alienate the religious public." Against the inference that even licensing and registration would be to take vice under the direct patronage and protection of the State, we protest altogether. With much greater truth might it be said that vice and indecency are now under direct Government patronage and protection. No foreigner can be persuaded that Windmill-street is other than a national institution. It is openly permitted by all the authorities. The officers of justice countenance it by their presence. They assist every night at the filthy Floralia of the Haymarket. We are not saying that, at present, it would be right to license and register houses of ill-fame; but we do say that a clergyman ought not to encourage the notion that it is the duty of the religious public to prevent such legislation, and we hope that it is only ignorance which leads him to assert that such Government regulations are at all of the nature of patronage or protection of vice. In every capital of Europe which recognises and regulates prostitution—quite a different thing from patronizing it—the public streets present an aspect, compared to ours, which is as Russell-square to Coventry-street. Because we do not choose to regulate—or, if Mr. GARNIER prefers it, to patronize—prostitution, our streets are what they are. For ourselves, we do not hesitate to say that, sooner or later, we must recognise, and therefore in some sense legalize, prostitution. The experience of the whole of Europe tends this way. The medical aspect of the question, which we are glad to see was alluded to at St. James's, forms the strongest argument for legislation on broad principles, though not without a very extensive and careful inquiry into the painful subject. Vice, as at present "patronized and protected"—to go no further than the public services of the army and navy—is a most expensive item in the national expenditure of men, their time, and health. And if the State has one duty more imperative than another, it is to ensure, so far as medical police regulations can do, the health of its citizens. If, as has been stated, nearly half of the actual sickness of the lower classes originates from one cause—and if, as all medical statistics and inquiries prove, this one cause can be controlled—the false delicacy which prevents people from urging this fact on public attention is only a degree less culpable than the mistaken view of religion which confounds the regulation of vice with its encouragement.

But for all this the public is not prepared; and in the meanwhile, the thing to be done is to make the streets a little less foul. This can be done, and must be done. There is the will to do it, and the way is not so difficult. All we say is—and it had better be said early in the coming discussion—that there is much more to be done, something of which will rise naturally out of this first step. We do not either profess to see our own way, or desire to pledge others, to any ulterior steps—the whole matter must be left to open council. But we are anxious to guard good people, before they have mastered the subject, against hastily committing themselves to such a statement as Mr. GARNIER'S—that the religious public is bound, by the mere fact of its corporate religiosity, to identify State regulation with State patronage in the matter of prostitution. Some practical mind may think out that happy middle course of legislation which shall keep prostitution down without seeming to accredit its existence. But if it should turn out that, as things go on, we have no choice but to recognise prostitution, and regulate it, we do not wish to be denounced as out of the pale of Mr. GARNIER'S "religious public" for accepting the necessity.

CRUELTY IN INDIA.

WHILE we have in England Journals which, with full means of information, are so dead to all feelings of patriotism as to sacrifice the interests and reputation of their country to the paltry and ephemeral purposes of their dogmas or their faction, we have hardly a right to complain if foreign writers sometimes do injustice to our character and our rule. As long as an anti-English press exists in England, which on all occasions seeks to depreciate our successes, and to aggravate our disasters in India, we can hardly wonder if abroad there should be found critics who are only less hostile to our country than her own unfaithful sons. We are content that the avowed enemies of England should borrow from the *Herald* or the *Star* diatribes against a Power whose institutions they detest and whose greatness they envy. We should no more think of replying to the foreign imitators, than to our domestic originals.

It is otherwise, however, when a charge, which it would be shameful to admit, comes from the mouth of a man whom we have reason to respect. When England is arraigned by a worthy accuser, we trust it shall never be said that an answer was wanting. In a late number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, appeared an article from the pen of M. Villemain, entitled "*Du Génie Anglais dans l'Inde*." The name of M. Villemain is too considerable to allow any strictures of his to pass unnoticed. That he is no unfriendly critic of England, both his political antecedents and the essay to which we refer abundantly prove. We quote a few paragraphs to show that the real significance of the Indian campaign is as justly appreciated by candid Frenchmen as by patriotic Englishmen:—

Depuis six mois l'attention de l'Europe ne s'est reportée sur l'Inde que pour y déplorer confusément un amas de rébellions militaires, de trahisons calculées avec la patience de l'Orient, de soulèvements partiels étouffés dans le sang, de cruautés barbares, de résistances héroïques devenues par moments d'étonnantes victoires. Aujourd'hui cette épaisse et sinistre nuit semble en partie se dissiper. On entrevoit dans l'avenir la durée subsistante de la domination des Anglais sur l'Inde; cela résulte de la gravité même du péril qu'elle vient de courir. Puisque, malgré l'insidieuse fureur de l'attaque, malgré ces surprises faites sur tant de points, la supériorité de race s'est maintenue à nombre si prodigieusement inégal, que sera-ce quand les forces nouvelles dont dispose la métropole seront présentes et distribuées sur le terrain de la conquête.

Reste donc, ce semble, à se demander non pas ce que va devenir l'Inde émancipée par une sanglante révolte, qui sans doute l'aurait laissée barbare sous une caste nouvelle, son armée indigène. Cette chance est déjà dédaignée. Mais que doit attendre l'Inde du complet rétablissement de ses maîtres inébranlables? Qu'aura-t-elle à souffrir de plus, ou que pourra-t-elle gagner pour elle-même et pour l'humanité à la situation nouvelle de ses dominateurs et au problème chaque jour plus avancé de l'ascendant européen sur le monde asiatique.

La série de ces questions n'est pas nouvelle du reste; elle ramène d'abord la pensée sur ce qui s'était fait dans l'Inde pour mener à la conquête, tout oppressif qu'on la vit souvent, quelque chose des institutions et des garanties sociales dont l'Angleterre ne peut jamais se départir tout à fait. Depuis un siècle en effet parmi ces détonnements, ces confiscations, ces violences, qui ont étendu le joug Anglais dans l'Inde, l'ont débarrassé d'abord de la concurrence Française, puis rendu si puissant, de singuliers progrès de l'esprit moderne avaient été apportés par les maîtres au milieu de ces masses de nations asservies. Ce n'était pas seulement cette tolérance religieuse tant vantée en Europe et poussée dans l'Inde jusqu'à la tolérance inhumaine des plus sanguinaires superstitions. C'était aussi l'introduction des pratiques de liberté civile les plus chères aux Anglais, puis un soin scrupuleux de mêler à ces bienfaits étrangers le respect des lois locales, et de paraître ainsi gouverner les Hindous par leur propres coutumes et par eux-mêmes.

It is not unreasonable that we should wish to stand well with a man who can write thus of England. From this point of view M. Villemain proceeds to draw a pair of graceful and interesting sketches of two Englishmen, whom he selects as patterns of the English benefactors of India. In Sir William Jones he admires the upright judge and the learned linguist, who studied and administered to the native populations their indigenous laws. "Il fit appliquer le droit des indigènes et celui des conquérans intermédiaires par leurs descendants dégénérés, paraissant leur rendre à tous la patrie ou l'indépendance qu'ils avaient perdue." In Bishop Heber he celebrates the missionary poet, in whom he not unjustly finds a resemblance to Fenelon. In his personal description of this eminent man, M. Villemain falls into some errors pardonable in a foreigner. He speaks of him as "un brillant élève de Cambridge," and enters into other details of his domestic life which it is not necessary to correct.

But the passage which has chiefly led us to notice this interesting paper is to be found at its close. M. Villemain not only invokes the "pious memory" of Bishop Heber to soften "la rudesse de l'extrême démocratie" of the Northern, and to inspire shame into the breast of the "barbares civilisés" of the Southern States of America; but he proceeds:—"Puisse enfin la nom et l'exemple de Reginald Heber revenir aujourd'hui sans cesse à la mémoire de ses compatriotes dans l'Inde pour calmer leur esprit de vengeance, pour humaniser leur incomplète victoire." These are no empty or unmeaning declamations. The writer, as we have seen, is actuated by no unfriendly spirit to England, and he is evidently speaking from impressions on which he no doubt thinks he has reasons to rely. M. Villemain has fortunately specified the particular instance which has drawn forth from him these remarks. He says, "Qu'un officier Anglais, se faisant juge par son droit d'être bourreau, fusille lui-même de sa carabine trois *captifs de guerre* sans autre formalité que de leur faire quitter d'abord leur riches vêtements pour ne pas gêner cette part de butin . . . oh! c'est là sans doute un spectacle d'horreur que n'eût

pas supporté l'âme de Reginald Heber et qui eût brisé de remords chrétiens et d'effroi cette fièle et noble vie." This is a charge when preferred by such a man which should be answered completely and at once. We do not blame M. Villemain for the error into which he has fallen. The story on which his remarks are founded appeared originally in a Scotch provincial paper, professing to give an account of the capture and execution of the sons of the King of Delhi by Lieutenant Hodson. This narrative was afterwards copied incautiously into other journals from which it no doubt found its way to M. Villemain. When we first read the account, we shared the French writer's disgust at conduct which would have been in every sense unworthy of a British officer. We are happy to be able to give—and we feel sure that M. Villemain will not be sorry to receive—a complete contradiction of this story. We are able to vouch the authenticity of the following account of the transaction, which has been already published elsewhere:—

Next day Hodson asked and obtained permission to go after the King, whose capture, with that of his favourite wife (mother to the heir apparent), he successfully accomplished at the cost only of vast fatigue, some fighting, and imminent risk. His Majesty was courteously disarmed, and then escorted into the city.

Early the following morning Hodson set to work to get the princes; greater, because more active, villains than their father. He started with McDowell (second only to his commanding officer in all soldierly qualities) and 100 men for the Tomb of the Emperor Humayoon, where the rascals were concealed. He took measures to cut off all access to, or egress from, the building, and then sent in one of the illegitimate scions of royalty (who had saved his own life only by turning King's evidence) and the one-eyed Moulvie, Rujab Ali (one of the lamented Sir Henry Lawrence's most trusted emissaries) to bring out the princes.

After more than two hours of anxiety, strategy, and no small practice of the arts of offence and defence they appeared, and were immediately sent off in a *bhylie*, under a small guard, towards the city. Hodson then with the remainder of his men entered the *enceinte* of the Tomb, and found certainly not less than from 5000 to 6000 of the scum of the city and palace congregated there, armed with weapons and missiles of all descriptions. It was indeed an hour of trial, when a bold front and determined voice was of more avail than even a sharp sword. Wonderful to say, not a man of the gallant little band was hit, and on Hodson sternly reiterating his demand for instant surrender, they began to lay down their arms. Five hundred swords, and twice that number of fire-arms, besides horses, elephants, &c., were collected in less than an hour and a half, without another blow being struck. Hodson and his men then moved warily off to the city; at a short distance from the walls they found the *bhylie* was halted, with much rabble collected around, who turned on the little party as they rode up. This was no time for hesitation or delay; Hodson dashed at once into the midst; in few but energetic words explained "that these were the men who had not only rebelled against the Government, but had ordered and witnessed the massacre and shameful exposure of innocent women and children, and thus, therefore, the Government punished such traitors taken in open resistance," shooting them down at the word. The effect was instantaneous and wonderful; not another hand was raised, not another weapon levelled, and the Mahomedans of the troop, and some influential Moulvies among the bystanders exclaimed, as if by simultaneous impulse, "Well and rightly done, their crime has met with its just penalty—these were they who gave the signal for the death of helpless women and children, and outraged decency by the exposure of their persons, and now a righteous judgment has fallen on them. God is great." The remaining weapons were then laid down, and the crowd slowly and quietly dispersed. The bodies were then carried into the city, and thrown out on the very spot where the blood of their innocent victims still stained the earth. They remained there till the 24th, when, for sanitary reasons, they were removed from the Chibootra front of the Kotwallie. The effect of this just retribution is as miraculous on the populace as it was deserved by the criminals.

From this it will be seen that the Princes of Delhi were in no sense *captifs de guerre*—that the *officier Anglais* did not constitute himself *bourreau*—and that the notion of Lieutenant Hodson stripping off the fine clothes of the rebel Princes "pour ne pas gêner cette part de butin" is an entire fiction. The truth is, that this gallant soldier, finding himself in the midst of an armed and numerous foe, only saved the life of himself and his comrades by a bold act of well-deserved and summary justice upon the ringleaders of the rebels who were attempting an escape.

We hear much of British barbarity in India from critics both at home and abroad less friendly to this country than M. Villemain; but when they condescend to particulars, they prove to be as unfounded as that which we have examined. We confidently challenge an investigation of the charge of cruelty, so alien to their character, brought against the English army and the Indian service. We are sure that if M. Villemain will take the pains to sift his authorities, he will find that in this deadly struggle—

When twice five hundred Englishmen,
Alas! they were no more,
Have fought with twice five thousand then,
Upon that bloody shore—

the hands of our countrymen have not wrought, nor (with some rare exceptions, perhaps) their souls conceived anything which Sir William Jones would have disapproved, or Reginald Heber deplored.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

THE correspondence which has lately taken place in the *Times* upon the subject of the conditions under which it is wise to marry, gives, we think, one proof the more of the strange and not very creditable fact, that the most important transaction of life is the only one in which forethought and judgment are systematically neglected, not to say discouraged. No one of the persons who have written on the subject has considered it systematically. The advocates of marrying on a small income have confined themselves to asserting and illustrating the proposition, that people can marry on an income of 300*l.* per annum,

and live like gentlefolks afterwards; whilst those who take the other side of the question have insisted principally on the sacrifice of social position which such a step involves. Of the Happy Men who maintain the first thesis with so much confidence, one seems to have had hardly any experience at all, and the other an experience of little more than a year; whilst the cautious person who takes the opposite view of the subject confines himself to assertion, and gives us no data whatever by which we may judge of the value of his opinion. The question is one of first-rate importance, and the principles upon which it ought to be determined are, we think, sufficiently clear, though their application to particular cases must always be difficult. There can be no doubt that a happy marriage is a very desirable thing, and it is equally clear that it is one for which it is well worth a man's while to make a considerable amount of effort and sacrifice. The question therefore will be, what amount of sacrifice it is prudent to make, and particularly whether a rich man, if he were wise, would be prepared to encounter poverty for the sake of it. At the risk of being considered worldly and timid, we own that we think it exceedingly doubtful whether he would. It is usual to treat the question as if it depended on the degree in which a person is attached to the enjoyment of certain pleasant but unnecessary luxuries. What a heartless coward, it is said, a man must be who will not marry a woman whom he loves, unless he can have a carriage, and give parties, and keep men servants, and take expensive journeys, and, in short, live the life of those who do not count what they spend! And no doubt this is quite true; but it does not meet the real points of the case. Hundreds of men would willingly give up such things as these, and would be as happy without as with them; but these things do not constitute wealth, nor is the power of obtaining them the chief advantage of being rich.

The solid benefits of wealth may perhaps be reduced to three heads. You can buy health for your family, you can buy education for your children, and you can buy for yourself the power of pursuing a profession or occupation in life on independent terms. A man who possesses the power of purchasing these three things, we should call a substantially rich man; and we should feel the gravest doubts as to the prudence of any marriage which obliged him to give them up. If a man has not got them, and sees no prospect of getting them, his case falls under another principle. If he marries, he merely elects to stay where he is, and to give up the hopes of rising into a higher class of life than his own. This may be prudent, and even praiseworthy, but it involves no such sacrifice as that of which we are considering the expediency. Let us look, in the first place, at the question of health. One of the correspondents of the *Times* published his accounts for the past year, framed upon the principle that 250*l.* was to support a married couple, a child, a maid-of-all-work, and a nursery-maid. We need not go over the figures, but we will take a single item. Medical attendance, including a monthly nurse, cost 12*l.* Suppose the lady's health had, as is so often the case, permanently suffered from her confinement—suppose she had not been able to nurse her child except at the risk of inflicting permanent and serious injury on herself—an inevitable alternative would have been pressed upon the husband. Either he must have consented to see the health and strength of his wife and child permanently diminished, or he must have involved himself in a long series of expenses for wet-nurses, for sea air, wine, carriage exercise, and a variety of other things, which would have laid upon him a load of debt to which the strength of his purse is very ill adapted. If, in such a case, as time advances and the family increases, the income which is to support it remains stationary, the wife frequently sinks by degrees into a sort of drudge and universal servant. To bring into the world, to nurse and to care for several children, is a hard task for a strong woman, and an overwhelming task for a delicate one. A man who cannot afford to keep a certain number of servants must resign himself to the common fate of the poor. Unless his wife is very strong and his children not numerous, she will be an old woman at five-and-thirty, and death will relieve him of such of them as happen to be sickly. A brilliant novelist, Mr. Trollope, introduces a fussy old lady who presses all manner of luxuries on the heroine who is nursing her child; and he asks, with that easy-going satire with which gentlemanlike novelists delight to tickle what they look upon as the effeminacy of the rich, how poor women manage under the same circumstances? He might push his inquiries further—how do they manage when they want change of air, when they want generous diet, when they want warm clothing? The cancer and consumption hospitals can throw some light on the question, and the statistics of infant deaths can probably give still more. A couple whom Mr. Dickens has wheedled, or Mr. Thackeray sneered, into a contempt for fine clothes and gorgeous footmen, would do well to consider whether they are also prepared to do without the nurse and the doctor.

If it is essential to a happy marriage that the wife should be a companion to her husband, it is, at least equally important that the children should be able in due time to be such also. For a man who has had the prolonged and elaborate education of an English gentleman, there could hardly be a greater mortification than to see his sons growing up around him under circumstances which would prevent them from understanding him, or which would force him to descend to a lower level, moral and intellectual, than that to which he was bred. Unwelcome as the remark may be, there can be no doubt that largeness and refinement of mind

do not come by nature, but by education; and in order to produce them, a man must be able to devote many years to their acquisition. It is simply impossible that a poor man should do this for his sons. He must put them out into the world as soon as they are old enough to become apprentices or junior clerks; and it must surely be a great and lasting mortification to any man to feel that his children and himself are separated, not by any artificial distinctions, but by real vital differences, affecting in every point their respective standards of thought and feeling. A few happy years, or perhaps months, at the beginning of married life would indeed be dearly purchased if, on arriving at middle age, a man were to find himself the husband of a sickly, over-burdened woman—old before her time, and worn down by care into a mere upper-nurse or housekeeper—and the father of a family in which disease (which a richer man might have averted) would probably have made several gaps, whilst the survivors were entirely occupied with thoughts and prospects quite unlike those which had cheered his own youth.

These considerations are open to every one; but the last to which we wish to refer applies more particularly to the special class of persons by and for whom the cry of frugal marriages is raised. It is one which, in the present day, is, from circumstances, peculiarly large. It consists of the sons of the upper part of the middle and the lower part of the upper classes—the younger sons of men of fortune, the sons of successful members of professions, of the higher class of Government officials, and of persons who have made moderate fortunes in commerce, and who have themselves been educated for the liberal professions. It consists, in short, of those who are placed in what is perhaps the most enviable of all positions—the position in which want is not felt, and in which there is no temptation to be idle. It is to young men of this kind that such exhortations as have lately filled the papers are principally addressed; for whilst their education has usually given them but little experience of the rougher sides and harsher necessities of life, it has frequently cultivated a sort of sensibility and originality of character which is very open, especially in early youth, to the temptation of trampling on conventionalities and striking out new and manly lines of conduct. There is something very seductive to such a person in the notion of showing that he is braver than his neighbours, that he is not the slave of luxury, and that he has warm feelings, to gratify which he, as well as poorer men, can make great sacrifices. We would earnestly call the attention of members of this class to some considerations which, in the present day, it is the fashion to leave far too much out of sight. They form one of the most important classes of society, for it is from them that we must look for most of the persons who are ultimately to take prominent positions in professional and in some departments of political life; and there are few objects of greater national importance than that such positions should be filled by men to whom it is not a matter of primary and indispensable necessity to receive a very quick return for what has been invested in their education. When that is the case, the whole tone of those departments of life is lowered and vulgarized. A man who has gone through the sort of education which is usually found in members of the class in question, is like an elaborate and very costly machine—a most valuable piece of property if its owner can choose his time and opportunity for selling it, but one which cannot possibly be disposed of at a moment's notice. A man of twenty-six or twenty-seven may be capable of becoming a great lawyer, a scientific physician, a really well-instructed and learned divine; but it by no means follows that he will find it easy to earn even a moderate income on very short notice. If he contracts a marriage which obliges him to do so, he will have to content himself, not with the mere absence of luxuries, but with some permanent occupation which might have been equally well discharged by a person of much inferior capacity. It is hardly possible to imagine a more cruel mortification. It can never be too much insisted upon that a man of this class owes a debt to his family and to his country which he should consider it a point of honour to discharge. The important positions in life are not so unexceptionably filled, nor is the number of persons qualified to fill them so large, that such men are justified in taking steps which must of necessity condemn them to obscurity. They ought to be able to put such a restraint on their feelings as would prevent them from stultifying those who have been at the expense and trouble of providing them with so costly an outfit for the business of life.

These considerations are, we are well aware, unpopular, and they are systematically kept out of sight or derided by a set of preachers whose sermons are not the less influential because they are indirect. Novelists innumerable, whether they belong to the highest developments of the earnest, or to the lowest development of the rose-colour school, constantly preach a sort of erotic gospel which finds very ready listeners and converts. The notion that a man cannot help loving a woman, and that if he does he ought to marry her, is sedulously maintained by all sorts of writers. Such doctrines treat a very serious subject much too lightly, and quite ignore the fact that love in real life is one of the most manageable passions in the world. A man need not fall in love unless he likes; and if he does, he need not marry. Why should he sacrifice every other consideration to a single form of happiness? Domestic life is not the only, and it is surely very questionable whether it is the highest, object of human aspiration. We are in danger in this country of a sort of home worship, which, like

other corruptions of good things, is anything but good. The various great careers and pursuits of life are decried as mere money-making; and men are called upon to leave their country, their intellects, and their professions, not to cleave to their wives, but in order to get wives to cleave to. Surely this is not the temper of mind which has made England what it is. It is the temper which made Ireland what it was, and we owe it small thanks for that service.

That early marriages are essential to morality, is a favourite argument on the part of those who advocate their extension. It is, we think, a very discreditable one, and it has the additional misfortune of proving too much. To make it worth anything, those who use it ought to wish to see boys of eighteen married before they go to College, for it is difficult to sympathize with a man who has lived to be twenty-six years old without losing his control over his passions, and who then asserts that he must either marry or be profligate. It is indeed a strange thing that in a civilized and Christian country, men should be asking how they are to discharge the most elementary duties of morality, and to put a curb on the commonest propensities to do wrong. There are some remedies against vice which a man ought to have learnt from his religion, if his religion is worth anything at all; but there are others which we may express in the language of one who knew the disease better than the remedy, but who could sometimes write, at any rate, like a man:—

Qui finem queris amoris
Cedit amor rebus; res age, tatus eris.
Desidium puer ille sequi solet, odit agentes,
Da vacue menti quo teneatur opus,
Sunt fora, sunt leges, sunt quos tucaris amici,
Vade per urbane candida castra togæ.
Quæritis Ægisthus quare sit factus adulter,
In promptu causa est, desidius orat.
Pugnabant alii tardis apud Ilium armis,
Transulerant vires Græcia tota suas.
Sivè operam bellis vellet dare nulla gereret,
Sivè foro vacuum libibus Argos erat,
Quod potuit fecit; no nil ageretur amavit,
Sic venit ille puer, sic puer ille manet.

What with the Royal Exchange, Westminster Hall, Indian mutinies, and general elections, a man ought to find plenty of things to do in this age of the world, and he has no excuse whatever for being driven into an imprudent marriage. We do not, of course, mean to say how much money such a man as we have described wants to marry upon. There has been much controversy about 300*l.* a-year. If 300*l.* a-year means that a man has 10,000*l.* in the funds, besides a profession, much is, no doubt, to be said in favour of the matrimonial side of the question. But why should such a person find any difficulty in discovering a suitable wife who is not entirely penniless? People generally marry in their own rank of life; and ladies with money are not *à priori* less pleasant than those who have nothing. There is a common notion that the question of marrying a particular woman ought to depend solely upon the presence or absence of the specific passion of love; but surely this is a great mistake. The question is a very complex one, and a prudent and honourable man would be surely as much justified in inquiring into the fortune of a woman to whom he intended to make an offer, as in ascertaining that she had good health and pleasant relations.

We may conclude by a criticism on the letters by which this controversy has been carried on. Why cannot people write about men and women, instead of Jones and Jenny, and Jenny's sister and Jones's friend? Whatever may be the merits of the general question, we earnestly hope that Jones and Jenny may live single to the end of the chapter, that the breed may at any rate die out with the present generation.

MACBETH AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE performances intended to celebrate the marriage of the Princess Royal commenced on Tuesday last with *Macbeth*, followed by *Twice Killed*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Keeley had an opportunity of showing what good farces well acted are like in England. It is not very easy to say whether any choice could have been better than *Macbeth* if a sample of the Shakspearian drama was to be exhibited to foreigners. *Macbeth* is perhaps the most complete specimen of the romantic drama which Shakspeare has left us; and as England is the parent of the romantic drama, there was good reason why the most complete specimen of it should be chosen on an occasion when foreigners were invited to examine the special characteristics of the English stage. The play has the further advantage of affording scope for two leading performers. But it is not a good acting play. The subordinate scenes are very dull and long. It is almost impossible to represent the supernatural part so as to produce the requisite impression, and the stage is crowded with characters in which we feel no interest. On Tuesday evening every scene was played at full length, and the representation, which lasted from half-past seven till midnight, was a great trial of the patience of the audience. As long as Miss Faucit was on the stage, the interest was sustained, but Lady Macbeth's part is only a short one, and the intermediate scenes were very dreary. The spectators had, however, the consolation of looking at the

tasteful decorations of the theatre, and at the Queen, the bride, and the fifty illustrious persons who composed the Royal party. Perhaps their attention was directed too exclusively to these sights; and the actors, accustomed to hearty cheers, may probably have found it a rather difficult task to play to so decorous, so listless, and so distracted an audience.

Mr. Phelps has won a well-deserved reputation by the perseverance with which he has sustained the existence of the regular drama, and by the feeling and power with which he renders some of Shakspeare's best known characters, and, more especially, Othello. But his performance on Tuesday, in *Macbeth*, was disappointing. In the first place, he had, we think, misconceived the character of Macbeth. He made him a physical coward, whereas Macbeth is a good soldier, but a moral coward—afraid of the greatness of the step he takes, not possessed by bodily fear while he takes it. Towards the end of the performance, Mr. Phelps in some degree warmed into his part, but in the earlier scenes there was a great want of life and force in his acting, and he trusted far more than we think at all warrantable to mere movements of the body as exponents of his feelings. He was, perhaps, most defective in the murder scene, and most successful in the last act. It is so seldom that he is seen at the West-end, he has held himself so far above all the arts of intrigue, and he is so undoubtedly a really good actor when his part suits him, that we regret he should not have done himself better justice on such an occasion.

The acting of Miss Helen Faucit was in every way admirable, and it was a great pleasure to London playgoers to welcome once more so established a favourite, with her careful rendering of every sentence, her sweet and powerful voice, her clearness of articulation, and her dignity and ease of gesture. Lady Macbeth is not the part which shows Miss Faucit to the greatest advantage. She should be seen as Imogen or Juliet. Her strength lies in the direction of sweetness and tenderness, rather than in that of energy and ferocity. But she is far too good an actress not to make any part she plays a remarkable one, and her performance of every scene as Lady Macbeth was worthy of the most attentive study. Those in whose memory the performance of the same part by Madame Ristori was still fresh would naturally compare the two exhibitions. Miss Faucit had none of the savage power, the thrilling energy, and the intense passion which made the Lady Macbeth of Madame Ristori so new and so impressive. More particularly in the Candle scene, there was not on Tuesday night to be heard that peculiar low hissing whisper which rendered it so awful and so peculiar when represented by Madame Ristori. On the other hand, Miss Faucit was more true to the conception which in England we ordinarily form of the character. She was the wife of a princely chieftain welcoming her guests to her castle, and presenting externally the quiet dignity of the matron of rank. She also embodied the thought intended, we think, to be embodied in Lady Macbeth—that very often the capacity for great and extraordinary resolution, and even for horrible crimes, lies hid under such an exterior. Miss Faucit shone perhaps in the banquet scene more than in any other. The grace with which she presided at the feast, and the commanding ease with which she calmed the wonder excited by Macbeth's conduct, were excellent. But throughout her acting was such as we may well rejoice to see on an English stage. We are glad that the foreign guests of the Queen were invited to see a performer of whom her countrymen can be so justifiably proud.

REVIEWS.

BRITISH INDIA, ITS RACES AND ITS HISTORY.*

THE writer of the volume before us is an Indian reformer of extreme views, and his book is the most vehement of party manifestoes. It is only fair, however, to say of it, that the Lectures—for such is the form in which it is cast—were not delivered as they now stand to an audience of "the working classes." They have been amplified and extended for the press; and the latter part especially, the most inflammatory of the whole—in which the author condemns without qualification the tyranny, rapacity, and incompetence of the Company's government, its indifference to honour and justice, and the ruin it has brought on its own material interests—is entirely an addition. But in the earlier Lectures also, the history of British conquest is accompanied throughout with a running commentary on the crimes and errors of our Government; and the lecturer has felt himself justified in using all the influence of his position to stimulate, in an audience unused to the license of party declamation, feelings of hatred and contempt towards all our proceedings in India, from the time of Clive to that of Dalhousie. It may readily be supposed that the work breathes throughout a tone of reckless precipitation—that charges are flung against individuals as heedlessly as against the Government—that there is a total absence of the spirit of judicial moderation which we require from the historian as distinguished from the advocate. When, for instance, a gallant action of a General Lloyd is mentioned,

* *British India, its Races and its History.* By John Malcolm Ludlow. 2 vols. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1858.

the writer adds, *currente calamo*, "the same, *I believe*, who recently disgraced himself at Dinapore." Surely Mr. Ludlow has no right to *believe* in such cases. Let him tell us what he *knows*, or else hold his peace. Even the trifling oversight of using throughout the word *Mussulmen* for *Mussulmans*, says something for the habitual inaccuracy of mind which the author seems to have brought to the framing of his indictment.

Mr. Ludlow is a clever man, and an eloquent writer; he declaims in the spirit of a philanthropist; and we give him credit for a genuine conviction that everything is wrong in the state of our Indian affairs, and that he has a message to that effect to deliver to us. We wish, however, that he had reserved some portion of the superabundant energy with which he rings the changes on "tyranny" and "incapacity," for the more gracious task of explaining how we may wipe off the stigma, or at least amend our ways for the future. On these points he is provokingly silent. He intimates, indeed, that the Company has sinned beyond the possibility of condonation, and that, when it is swept away, nothing remains but that the Crown should step into its place; but in what respect the Crown will be a better ruler than the Company, why it should avoid its errors and improve on its shortcomings, our author has really nothing to say. He tells us, indeed, to look to Ceylon, as a Crown colony, and remark how much better it has fared than the neighbouring and homogeneous realm of Hindostan; but to explain to us what the nature of the government of Ceylon has been, in what respects it has differed from that of India, is, he says, no part of his plan. It comes out indeed, incidentally, that within the last few years we have had a revolt in Ceylon, and only a mutiny in India; but then Lord Torrington, it seems, was a much worse Governor than any we have had on the continent. But was not Lord Torrington's a Crown appointment? And if it was so bad a one, may not the exigencies of home politics—the tyranny, in short, of the House of Commons—have had some share in inflicting it?

The panacea, indeed, to which Mr. Ludlow seems to point, is the settlement of English residents in large numbers, as planters and manufacturers, throughout the continent of India. This, with the amalgamation of races, and the identification of material interests which is to follow, in the language of Indian reformers, is Roman colonization. We will not stop now to inquire into the analogy. Those who look beyond mere names will find that there is little or no resemblance between the conditions of Roman colonization and our own. Going back two thousand years for a limping parallel will not help us in our present difficulties. Presuming that the old restrictive system which prevailed up to 1833—under which colonization was forbidden, and the country was held by a succession of European officials, giving way after thirty years to a new generation—can never be restored (a presumption which by no means implies any condemnation of such a system for the time to which it belonged), there can be little doubt that we must rapidly come to the opposite plan of allowing unrestricted immigration, and encouraging our people to make India the home and natural field of their industry. But if this is the end to which we shall probably arrive at no distant period, it will be well at least to consider temperately, all declamation apart, what are the great difficulties before us; and these are certainly not to be settled by the wide generalities which have been propounded to us by amateur statesmen in the newspapers. We must consider first the obstacle of the climate, and the, as it would seem, inevitable degeneracy of the European in Southern Asia in the second or third descent. We must remember the Portuguese in India and the Spaniards in America. The idea that European colonists might settle in the hill-countries is not likely to remove our apprehensions. It would be impossible to keep them there. They would go, at whatever risk, present or future, wherever interest invites; the poppy and sugar-cane would allure them to the plains; and the hill-stations would still be, as they are now, the resort merely of children and invalids. To settle India with invalids, to govern Delhi and Calcutta from Nynee Tal, is, we believe, a dream; but it is a subject for a medical commission, and we wait for further information.

But climate, we fear, will be the least of our difficulties. Antipathy of race and colour will be even less manageable than heat and malaria. There can be no question that the extended immigration of the English into India has hitherto been accompanied with increased repulsion of the races from one another. The Englishman, at best, shrinks from contact with foreigners. He cannot fraternize with the Frenchman or German—he loathes the Negro and the Hindoo. But the vulgar middle-class Englishman—the man of our future colonization—is doubly imbued with these illiberal feelings. Yet, illiberal as they are, it is in the strength of those feelings that he goes forth to conquer. The hateful use of the term *Nigger* for the dark-skinned Indian is but a superficial token of the antipathy and pride which make him an object of hate, but not less of fear, to the weaker races of man throughout the world. At present it is only the Government—and that a strong Government—that can keep this antipathy within bounds. When the Europeans in Bengal were thrusting the half-clad natives out of the railway-carriages, who was it but the officials in the Supreme Courts that decided that the Hindoo is the best judge of what constitutes decent clothing in "his own country?" Who but Lord Canning and the Council are even now insisting on the right of Hindoos and Mahometans to places of trust and honour? Who are

interceding for the lives of the guiltless villagers, but the Government and its agents? Can we doubt, in short, that if we had at this moment a strong European population and a weak Government in India, the natives would have been subjected to indiscriminate proscription and massacre? Nothing, it may be feared, but strong external control will ever make the English colonist tolerate an approach to equality on the part of the despised Hindoo.

We believe in our hearts that the only means of approximating to such a result will be through the agency of Christian civilization. Religion is twice blest—it blesses him that gives and him that takes. It controls the passions of the teacher, and it elevates the character of the taught. But this subject is too solemn to be treated parenthetically; it is sinking deep into the hearts of Englishmen at this moment, but it is to be hoped that they will long ponder upon it in the secret of their own consciences, before they determine on any course of action regarding it. This, however, may be said—that they will never probably feel really on equal terms with the Hindoo till the Hindoo has placed himself on the common level of Christianity. The first step, perhaps, in the long training by which only this result can be attained, must be the acquisition of the native dialects by the European residents. This knowledge should be absolutely required in the official class; but we must have a strong Government to enforce it; and how can we have a strong Government under the direct control of the House of Commons? Already there is reason to apprehend that the East India Company has relaxed somewhat in its demands on this point. It is to be feared that the vernaculars, though warmly recommended twice a year by the Chairman in his speech to the students at Haileybury, have practically been postponed by the College to a more extended acquaintance with European subjects, such as History and Political Philosophy. It was easy to say that the two years of the College course offered the last opportunity for laying the foundations of a general education, while the vernaculars could be acquired afterwards, and more speedily, on Indian soil. Unfortunately, with too many, that after-time never came. The Government in India was in need of their services; it was expensive to keep them on unemployed; and thus it is that too many of the Company's writers have acquired no familiarity with the vernaculars at all. But if this be bad, how much worse is the prospect before us, under the new system of competitive examination! It was originally intended that, after the first admission, a period of one or two years should be devoted specially to Indian subjects, the languages among others; but this has been suffered to drop altogether. It was provided that Arabic and Sanscrit at least should take rank with European subjects in the first examination; but as far as the public have been suffered to penetrate the veil which has been thrown over the proceedings at Somerset House, it does not appear that the candidates have shown any proficiency in these branches of learning, unpalatable to many in themselves, and the study of which, if unsuccessful for the occasion, would seem to be all thrown away. Once more, it was originally decided, with the sanction of Parliament, that twenty-two should be the maximum age of the candidates; but a letter appeared in the *Times* from an undergraduate of Cambridge, complaining that he could not take his degree before that age, and would then be excluded; and lo! next week followed an announcement that the limit should be extended to twenty-three. And then another year or two for special study of Oriental languages in England (for in England, not in India, say now our highest authorities, this study can best be prosecuted), and we have twenty-five for the age of the outgoing civilian—a pretty time of life, doubtless, to begin an acquaintance with the climate, the customs, and the moral characteristics of India. This was not the system which produced Colvin, the Lawrences, and Frere of Scinde—who, in a sphere a little smaller, and on a theatre less conspicuous, has done the same work as the Lawrences, sending off his garrisons to the interior, levying and drilling auxiliary battalions, quelling a mutiny, and keeping down a newly-conquered nation of 6,000,000 souls with just 170 Europeans, by the veneration in which he is personally held. But, by all means, let us have the vernaculars taught, and taught in England, and taught by the very best of professors. Is it too late to mention the fact that all this was provided in a certain establishment called Haileybury College, where the echoes of Sanscrit and Arabic, Persian and Hindustani, Bengali and Telugoo, have hardly yet died into silence?

CAPTAIN SNOW AND THE PATAGONIAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.*

SOME months ago, we reviewed a book by Mr. W. Parker Snow, called *A Voyage to the South Seas and the Tierra del Fuego*. We noticed at the time that it contained some grave charges against the Patagonian Missionary Society; and we expressed a wish that, for the credit of charitable undertakings in

* *The Patagonian Mission Society, and some Truths connected with it.* By W. Parker Snow, late Commander of the Mission Yacht, "Allen Gardiner." Author of "A Voyage in the Arctic Seas in Search of Sir John Franklin," and "A Two Years' Cruise in the South Seas." Spottiswoode and Co.

A Brief Reply to certain Charges made against the Patagonian or South American Missionary Society, by W. Parker Snow, late Master of the "Allen Gardiner." By the Committee. Wertheim and Macintosh.

general, and that of the Society in question in particular, the matter might if possible be cleared up. Two pamphlets respecting it have since appeared—one by Captain Snow, and the other by the Committee of the Society; and several circumstances in the case lead us to think it desirable to notice it as concisely and plainly as possible.

In October, 1854, Captain Snow was engaged by the Patagonian Missionary Society to take the command of their yacht the *Allen Gardiner*, in a cruise to the South Seas, and more particularly to the Falkland Islands and the Tierra del Fuego. The agreement specified no particular time, nor did it contain any stipulation that Captain Snow should be brought home; but he states, and the Society does not deny, that there was an understanding between them that the term of service was to be three years. The expedition was to consist of a land and of a sea party. The land party was to preach to the natives upon shore, and the ship was to convey them from place to place as required. The authority entrusted to Captain Snow in this particular is thus defined by the instructions which he received:—"You are invested with authority to do everything with the vessel that is necessary for her safety and efficiency. When the landmen of the mission are in the vessel, they are to obey your orders. The committee direct that she" (the mission yacht) "should be employed only in such wise as you may justly consider likely to promote the interest of the objects in view—namely, the instruction and civilization of the natives of South America. You must ever hold yourself in readiness to carry the missionaries to Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia, for the purpose of visiting the natives, and to aid them in intercourse with such," &c. Under these instructions Captain Snow sailed. A sort of settlement was formed by his advice, and with his assistance, on Keppel Island, one of the Falkland group; and he paid a visit to the Tierra del Fuego, in compliance with his instructions, to open communications with the natives there, some of whom he ineffectually attempted to persuade to return with him to Keppel Island. After about eighteen months had been passed in this manner, Mr. Despard, an English clergyman, and formerly secretary to the Society, came out to the Falklands. He was one of the five registered owners of the *Allen Gardiner*. He had no power of attorney from the other four, nor does he appear to have brought any instructions from them to Captain Snow. The committee, however, say that some months before his arrival they informed Mr. Snow by letter that "he was going out with full instructions from them as their plenipotentiary;" but they do not say whether Captain Snow made any answer to this communication, or whether he considered it as involving an alteration in the original agreement. On his arrival at the Falklands, Mr. Despard called upon Captain Snow to take him round to Keppel Island, together with stores and cattle for the party there. Captain Snow objected that he had no crew, and could not get one for that service, and strongly objected to the step on other grounds. After a good deal of correspondence on the subject, Mr. Despard chartered another vessel for the voyage, and, according to Captain Snow's account—which is uncontradicted by the Committee (Voyage, ii. 259, Pamphlet, 54)—gave him orders to go there too, and wrote a letter describing the manner in which the party were to be divided between the *Allen Gardiner* and the chartered schooner, concluding with the words, "We shall be very glad of your assistance in piloting and landing at Keppel Island." Captain Snow, as he states, used hereupon every effort to get a crew, and at last succeeded in doing so; and having got leave from the Customs to ship his men for Keppel Island, Tierra del Fuego, and Patagonia, and obtained the necessary papers, he prepared for sea, Mr. Despard having sailed the day before. It appears from the Society's pamphlet that that gentleman was informed that Captain Snow meant to take the ship to England, and he accordingly requested a Mr. Dean to prevent his sailing. Mr. Dean put a constable on board the ship as the men were in the act of getting up her anchor, and she was detained at Stanley till Mr. Despard's return. On his arrival, he required Captain Snow to resign his command within three hours after the receipt of his letter. Captain Snow asked for three days to remove his effects, and was then set ashore at Stanley, and left there to get home as he could. These, in a very compressed form indeed, are the facts of the case. It branches out, as such stories always do, into a great variety of other questions, into which it is needless to enter.

Mr. Snow's main complaint is, that he was unjustly dismissed, after having acted up to his instructions, and after having obeyed every direction given him by Mr. Despard. The committee pass very lightly over the reasons which induced Mr. Despard to act as he did. They leave untouched Captain Snow's statement, which is, as we understand it, that though he had originally intended to take the ship back to England after paying another visit to Patagonia and the Tierra del Fuego, he gave up that intention on receiving Mr. Despard's orders to follow him to Keppel Island, and shipped his crew for that place and for the Patagonian coast, the voyage to end at Stanley (the capital of the Falklands). The greater part of the Society's pamphlet is occupied by attempts to show an original understanding that a Missionary Superintendent should be sent out to take the command of the whole expedition, as well as subsequent requests on the part of Captain Snow, that in consequence of the misunderstandings which prevailed between him and the land party, such a man might be sent out accordingly. The first of these points is supported by an extract from what would seem to have been an address read at a farewell meeting, in which

occurs the expression "we send out all subject to one." But as the Missionary Superintendent was to join, and not to accompany, the expedition, the use of the present tense would seem to point to the Captain; and as the same document recognised in the strongest manner the independence of the land and sea parties, each under a head "responsible to the Society alone," and as Captain Snow's written instructions contained not one word about the Missionary Superintendent, he can hardly be blamed for not having construed this informal and anomalous statement as putting him under the orders of any person who might afterwards come out, and depriving him of the discretion with which his instructions had unquestionably invested him. As to his subsequent letters, the Society give extracts which certainly show that Captain Snow wished the mission to be under efficient control, and himself to be relieved from responsibility as to the general question of the movements of the ship; and to this extent he appears to have uniformly recognised Mr. Despard's authority. His complaint is extremely simple. Within the limits of his instructions, which formed the basis of his contract with the Society, and without prejudice to his own authority as captain, he was, he says, ready to obey Mr. Despard's authority, and did in fact obey it; but he considers that Mr. Despard was not authorized in treating him as a mere servant of his own, and in forcibly depriving him of powers which he had received from the Society, and for the exercise of which he was (to use their own words) "responsible to the Society alone." One thing at least is clear—that nothing could be more unbusiness-like than the relations between the Society and their captain. It is not easy to make out from the papers published on both sides, that supreme authority was lodged in any definite and satisfactory manner in the hands of any single person, and it is quite plain that the line between the authority of the Captain and that of Mr. Despard was very ill-drawn. It is also clear that they differed widely in their views as to the manner of conducting the undertaking; and there can be no doubt that they were placed in a situation in which, if they unfortunately happened to disagree, it would be very difficult to arrange matters in a satisfactory manner. If we look at the subject merely as a legal question, it is not very easy to arrive at a clear conclusion as to its merits, though it is difficult to see how Mr. Despard could justify the extreme measures which he adopted. Whether, under any circumstances, he had power to discharge Captain Snow, seems extremely doubtful; but even if he could, there is no allegation of conduct on Captain Snow's part which would justify such a measure. He appears, no doubt, to have remonstrated, and to have objected to the course suggested to him; but the Committee do not show that he ever disobeyed any instructions that he received, or refused to go where Mr. Despard directed him to go.

We have not, however, noticed this case in order to argue a point of law, but with a view of doing what we can to obtain redress for a man who, if not illegally, has been at any rate most harshly used. We wish to call upon a society which makes high claims to religion, to relieve itself from the accusation—too constantly brought against religious men and religious bodies—of neglecting the common principles of fairness and generosity in dealing with a man who is obviously not of their way of thinking. Let it be conceded that Mr. Despard's conduct was within the strict letter of the law. Would it not still be true that Mr. Snow has the greatest reason to complain of the treatment which he has received? Its true character cannot be fairly gathered from the dry statement of facts which we have just made. To appreciate it, the following circumstances must be taken into consideration. On the faith of his three years' engagement, Captain Snow undertook a long, a very hard, and, as it turned out, a very uncongenial task. He was accompanied by his wife. He had intended to send her home some time before the occurrences to which we have referred, but he was induced to keep her in that remote part of the world by Mr. Despard's own representations (Pamphlet, p. 43), that her presence on board was good, and "strengthened the hands of other females in the mission." He had with him a considerable amount of property in books and nautical instruments, &c., and the value of his services had been repeatedly acknowledged by his employers. Yet, in the face of all these considerations, Mr. Despard set him, his wife, and their property ashore in the most out-of-the-way corner of the civilized world, without making any sort of provision either for their comfort there, or for their return to England; and thereby he forced them, on the shortest possible notice, to dispose of a large amount of valuable property at a very inadequate price, in order to pay their passage home. Even if Captain Snow had been in fault—and we at least see no sort of evidence that he was—this punishment would have been infinitely too severe for any offence with which there is the least pretence for charging him; and when we remember that Mrs. Snow was treated thus as well as her husband, it is impossible not to feel that the conduct of the Society has been anything but generous or manly. By making Captain Snow some compensation for the expense of his voyage home and for the forced sale of his property—or at least by submitting the matter to impartial arbitration—the Society would greatly improve their position before the public. As the case stands at present, it is hardly possible to avoid the conclusion that their conduct, even if legal, which seems extremely doubtful, has been very harsh indeed.

The matter is a subject of all the more regret because Mr. Snow

himself is not a man who either is, or deserves to be, altogether unknown to the world. Of the literary merits of his book we have already spoken, and we think no one can read it without a strong feeling of regret that a man of such manly and vigorous character should be exposed to so much loss and suffering. It is obviously the work of a high-spirited, warm-blooded, and perhaps somewhat quick-tempered and hasty seaman; and it is deplorable to read of the petty miseries to which a man of that temper was subjected by what was called a "pious" crew. It must have been more than human patience could bear to have cabin boys telling him that he was "a godless sinner," "a servant of servants," and that he "wanted correcting"—to be met, when his orders were neglected, by assurances that "the Lord would provide"—or to be preached at by an ignorant catechist, choosing for his text, "Your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he might devour." It is impossible not to pardon considerable warmth and occasional indiscretion in speech to a man so grievously tried, and not to sympathize with very great jealousy on his part of the assumption of authority over him by any one whom he might reasonably suppose likely to embody the feelings from which he had suffered so much.

Captain Snow played a conspicuous part in the Arctic Searching Expedition, and published a volume upon the subject, with which we are not acquainted, but which is highly spoken of by competent judges. He also, we believe, suggested to the Government, so far back as 1850, the propriety of searching the very place in which the remains of Sir John Franklin's party were afterwards discovered. Our readers, we feel sure, will thank us for drawing their attention to the case of a man who has these claims on the public; and we should be deeply gratified if this notice were the means of inducing any one who has it in his power to give him assistance in his professional career.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF ART.*

UNDER this pretentious but misleading title, Mr. Ruskin has published two lectures which he delivered at Manchester last summer, at the time of the Art Treasures Exhibition. We find it difficult to speak our mind on this performance without discourtesy to its author. We would not willingly have applied to Mr. Ruskin that most disrespectful old proverb—*No sutor ultra crepidam*. But that a clever and powerful writer should publish a book on a subject of which he knows nothing is quite inexcusable; and the offence is worse when he parades his ignorance, and rather glories in it. Mr. Ruskin tells us plainly that his statements of economical principles are not supported by references, because he has "never read any author on political economy, except Adam Smith, twenty years ago." And, in the Addenda to his Lectures, in the course of a discussion upon currency, he frankly acknowledges that "he has not had time to examine the various conditions of dishonest or absurd trading which have led to the late 'panic' in America and England." Now, no man is to be blamed for not devoting himself to the accurate study of an abstruse science, especially when he is busily and usefully engaged in another department of mental culture. But then he ought not to pretend to be a teacher of others on this subject—and still less to sneer at those who have mastered it. There are, indeed, but few thinkers or men of education who have not, at some time or other, had occasion to consider the elements of political economy, though perhaps in the most practical and untechnical manner; and we should have gladly welcomed from Mr. Ruskin a layman's thoughts, modestly put forward, on any particular application of the principles of the science which he calls, "in plain English, citizens' economy." We agree with him most thoroughly that these principles are neither in themselves obscure nor unsuitable for popular discussion; and we were eager to see what he had to say as to the special Political Economy of Art. But these Manchester Lectures are a complete disappointment. How little Mr. Ruskin knows of the first elements of this science—how entirely a man's judgment on things in general may be warped by a one-sided view of a subject—will best be seen by a summary of the astounding propositions in political and economical science here enunciated. We could have suggested a far better title for this little volume than the one it bears. It should be called "An argument for the establishment of a benevolent despotism, which, by regulating the labour-market, and interfering with the natural laws of demand and supply, may devote itself to the hot-house culture of possible artists."

Beginning with the definition that all economy, whether of States, households, or individuals, is "the art of managing labour," Mr. Ruskin argues that all want, or misery, or degradation is the result either of deficient or of misdirected industry. In a perfect economical system, labour will be applied rationally, its produce preserved carefully, and distributed seasonably. This gives the three chief divisions of the present essay. The main thing required for a judicious application of labour is a paramount central authority. And Mr. Ruskin does not shrink from advocating *eo nomine* a "paternal government;" though he tempers the repulsive picture which the words suggest to a student of history, by adding that his well-organized nation must exhibit

brotherly concord as well as fatherly authority:—"Its type must be presented by a farm, in which the master is a father, and in which all the servants are sons." This defence of absolute government, it appears, was criticised, at the time of the delivery of the Lectures, by a Manchester journal; and Mr. Ruskin replies to the objections then made, in an appendix, in the form of a dialogue. In this dialogue there is, of course, no question as to which drew the picture—the lion or the man; and the author is actually obliged to apologize in a foot-note for the "foolish speech" he has put into the mouth of his opponent. Believing, apparently, in the perfectibility of man, Mr. Ruskin expects the development of this wise and fatherly autocracy to be a result of advancing civilization; and the expediency of unlimited governmental action rests on the truth thus enunciated, "that the notion of Discipline and Interference lies at the very root of all human progress or power." A man's labour is to be utilized by a controlling power; and the man himself acquires his only economical or commercial value by wearing a bride. It is true that Mr. Ruskin argues that "the proper bride of man is not a leathern one," but rather the divine guidance of conscience; but we can conceive an American slaveholder admitting this theoretically, while practically he finds the material chain and whip highly convenient for applying the labour of his human servants to the culture of the cotton-plant. However, Mr. Ruskin's more immediate concern is with art economics. Before he can apply his art-labourer, he must find him. Accordingly, he proceeds to suggest a scheme for the discovery of genius. "All that you need is a school of trial in every important town, in which those idle farmers' lads whom their masters never can keep out of mischief, and those stupid tailors' prentices who are always stitching the sleeves in wrong way upwards, may have a try at this other trade." "Next after your trial-school, you want your easy and secure employment." This idea is expanded in the appendix; and Mr. Ruskin there expresses the opinion that "there ought to be Government establishments for every trade, in which all youths who desired it should be received as apprentices on their leaving school, and men thrown out of work received at all times." The wages are to vary with the price of food—the produce of the factories is to be accumulated in order to meet sudden demands. When a glut arises, the youth are to be "directed at the Government schools into other trades, and the surplus of commodities should be the principal means of Government provision for the poor." Mr. Ruskin admits that these suggestions will seem fanciful and impracticable, but bides his time for their realization. But to return. The artist must be shielded by a paternal government, as well from the anxieties of a struggling youth as from the corrupting riches of a prosperous old age. The constant progress of public works involving various decoration is suggested as the best means of securing "sufficient and unagitated employment." Above all, the artist must not undergo the ordeal of a free or unkind criticism; and, finally, he must be made a gentleman. Now who is there that would not, if he could, bring to light latent genius, give it a trial, educate it, encourage it, and secure for its possessor every advantage attainable? But who ever dreamed of such a system as this for developing art power? And does not Mr. Ruskin see that his tender exotic, if ever reared, would be, after all, a sickly plant? The difficulties of genius are often lamentable enough, but the man is the greater for battling with them and overcoming them.

However, the artists being thus found and trained, the question recurs how to apply their labour. Each man, it seems, is to be set to various work—i.e., no two men are to be occupied with the same thing—and next, each is to have easy work. This is really trifling with his readers; and we fancy Mr. Ruskin must have felt it to be so himself, for he goes on hurriedly to the third condition, viz. that it must be lasting work. And here Michael Angelo's statue of snow is made to do good service enough in exposing the folly of work uselessly expended on perishing materials. The patrons of art more especially may, we admit, be profitably lectured as to the evils of encouraging any obvious misapplications of artistic power. Here we may to some extent go along with Mr. Ruskin. But we must soon part company. For instance—a great deal of inferior paper is manufactured; and it is in all respects important, especially for water-colour drawings, to have good and lasting materials. Mr. Ruskin will tell us how this is to be secured. Observe the style and taste of the following extract. We really sometimes believe that the whole volume is a hoax, and that the author is laughing at us:—

Among the many favours which I am going to ask from our paternal government, when we get it, will be that it will supply its little boys with good paper. You have nothing to do but to let the government establish a paper manufactory, under the superintendence of any of our leading chemists, who should be answerable for the safety and completeness of all the processes of the manufactory. . . . I should also like to have a government colour manufactory.

The discussion of the application of art to lasting works concludes with some sensible enough observations on the artistic treatment of the precious metals, and an impassioned harangue on luxury of dress, in which, however, much that is well and truly said is deformed by exaggeration and extravagance. The second lecture begins with the accumulation of works of art. But it must not be imagined that the lecturer would have either art or literature cheap:—

In my island of Barataria, when I can get it well into order, I assure you no book shall be sold for less than a pound sterling; if it can be published cheaper than that, the surplus shall all go into my treasury, and save

* *The Political Economy of Art*; being the substance (with additions) of Two Lectures delivered at Manchester, July 10th and 13th, 1857. By John Ruskin, M.A., Author of "Modern Painters," &c. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.

my subjects taxation in other directions; only people really poor, who cannot pay the pound, shall be supplied with the books they want for nothing, in a certain limited quantity. I haven't made up my mind about the number yet, and there are several other points in the system yet unsettled; when they are all determined, if you will allow me, I will come and give you another lecture on the political economy of literature.

This is a good jest enough; but it loses its point when coupled with what we have already seen of the serious meaning of the writer. The accumulation of art does not mean, as might have been thought, the collection of picture-galleries. The great point Mr. Ruskin urged upon his Manchester hearers in connexion with this branch of his subject, was the duty of interfering to prevent the further destruction of works of ancient art in Italy. Our rich men are to buy palaces in Venice, houses in Verona, or cloisters in Florence—and that not merely for the preservation, by the right of ownership, of frescoes or friezes, but with the political intention of imparting to the oppressed nations of the Continent the advantage of English stability and conservatism. But we pardon the absurdity of the time and place of this exhortation for the sake of the generous and eloquent enthusiasm which grows on the writer as he dilates on the perishing glories of art in prostrate Italy. Here he is thoroughly at home. In this part alone of the Lectures before us do we find specimens of Mr. Ruskin's noble diction and expressive word-painting. Take, for example, this beautiful description of Verona. The length of the extract will be excused for the sake of its graphic power:—

If I were asked to lay my finger, in a map of the world, on the spot of the world's surface which contains at this moment the most singular concentration of art-teaching and art-treasure, I should lay it on the name of the town of Verona. . . . Verona possesses, in the first place, not the largest, but the most perfect and intelligible Roman amphitheatre that exists, still unbroken in circle of step, and strong in succession of vault and arch; it contains minor Roman monuments, gateways, theatres, baths, wrecks of temples, which give the streets of its suburbs a character of antiquity unexampled elsewhere except in Rome itself. But it contains, in the next place, what Rome does not contain—perfect examples of the great twelfth-century Lombardic architecture, which was the root of all the mediæval art of Italy, without which no Giotto, no Angelico, no Raphael would have been possible; it contains that architecture, not in rude forms, but in the most perfect and loveliest types it ever attained—contains these, not in ruins, nor in altered and hardly decipherable fragments, but in churches perfect from porch to apse, with all their carving fresh, their pillars firm, their joints unloosened. Besides these, it includes examples of the great thirteenth and fourteenth-century Gothic of Italy, not merely perfect, but elsewhere unrivalled. At Rome, the Roman—at Pisa, the Lombard, architecture may be seen in greater or in equal nobleness; but not at Rome, nor Pisa, nor Florence, nor in any city of the world, is there a great mediæval Gothic like the Gothic of Verona. Elsewhere it is either less pure in type, or less lovely in completion; only in Verona may you see it in the simplicity of its youthful power, and the tenderness of its accomplished beauty. And Verona possesses, in the last place, the loveliest Renaissance architecture of Italy, not disturbed by pride, nor defiled by luxury, but rising in fair fulfilment of domestic service, serenity of effortless grace, and modesty of home seclusion; its richest work given to the windows that open on the narrow streets and most silent gardens. All this she possesses, in the midst of natural scenery such as assuredly exists nowhere else in the habitable globe—a wild Alpine river foaming at her feet, from whose shore the rocks rise in a great crescent, dark with cypress, and misty with olive; ilimitably, from before her southern gates, the tufted plains of Italy sweep and fade in golden light; around her, north and west, the Alps crowd in crested troops, and the winds of Benacus bear to her the coolness of their snows. And this is the city—such, and possessing such things as these—at whose gates the decisive battles of Italy are fought continually. Three days her towers trembled with the echo of the cannon of Arcola; heaped pebbles of the Minio divide her fields to this hour with lines of broken rampart, whence the tide of war rolled back to Novara; and now on that crescent of her eastern cliffs, whence the full moon used to rise through the bars of the cypresses in her burning summer twilights, touching with soft increase of silver light the rosy marbles of her balconies—along the ridge of that encompassing rock, other circles are increasing now, white and pale; walled towers of cruel strength, sable-spotted with cannon-courses. I tell you, I have seen, when the thunder-clouds came down on those Italian hills, and all their crags were dipped in the dark terrible purple, as if the wine-press of the wrath of God had stained their mountain-rament—I have seen the hail fall in Italy till the forest branches stood stripped and bare as if blasted by the locust; but the white hail never fell from those clouds of heaven as the black hail will fall from the clouds of hell, if ever one breath of Italian life stirs again in the streets of Verona.

The concluding division, on the distribution of works of art, treats first of picture-galleries, curators, and the mischief of cleaning. Then the lecturer goes on to advise the limitation of price for modern paintings, and soon falls again into absurdity. A large fortune at the close of the life of a great artist is, he says, morally bad for him, as well as for others, and no one should help him to accumulate it. An easy competence is all that is to be afforded to our painters; and their sole ambition—it being assumed that they are above the ordinary laws of humanity—when wealth is out of the question, is to be the perfection of their art. Public schools, highly decorated with historical paintings, to be established all over the country, will not only educate the rising generation æsthetically, but will employ, at moderately remunerative prices, all the artists whom an enlightened Government permits to paint. Guild-houses and council-halls for the various trades—which, in the England of the future, are to be organized for the regulation of prices and the management of labour—will be another class of public building requiring artistic decoration. And so the lecturer concludes his sketch with a solemn exhortation on the responsibilities of wealth, and a prediction of the future realization of his political vision.

Merely to quote Mr. Ruskin's speculations is to refute them. It is lamentable to see that a man can think so earnestly and honestly, and yet to so little purpose. The Utopia of the nineteenth century seems always to be a kind of communism which

is near akin to a despotism; and Mr. Ruskin, if his theory is to be taken seriously, affords one more example of the tendency of this age to barter personal and political liberty for the fatal advantages of a strong absolute government. The present work strikes us as being, in a literary point of view, inferior to any of its predecessors in respect of taste and composition. The inclination to sermonize is growing upon the author, and his use of Scriptural texts is becoming excessive. In these lectures he constantly assumes a tone of patronage which is wholly unbecoming, and shows his contempt for his audience by using illustrations which are not simply plain or easy, but ridiculously childish. As a general rule, Mr. Ruskin's works are instructive and entertaining, whether one agrees with him or not; but this is scarcely true of his *Political Economy of Art*.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY.*

WHEN Sheridan was presented with the volume professing to contain the "Beauties of Shakspeare," he asked, "Where are the other nine?" In a similar spirit we may ask, when any volume on the *Curiosities of Natural History* is offered to us, "Where are the other ninety-nine?" for nature is inexhaustible, and her curiosities are infinite. Mr. Buckland does not pretend to take a survey of these curiosities, but simply to throw together the scattered observations of a man fond of animals, and prone to making notes of all that he observes. His book is interesting, because it contains facts which came within his own experience, and because it is impossible to write of animals, if you love them, without being interesting. Mr. Buckland undoubtedly loves them, and is catholic in his sympathies. He makes pets of rats and foxes, no less than of fish and monkeys. He has a word to say for serpents, newts, and other creeping things, which excite a foolish horror in the unzoological mind. But although he has love and knowledge, two of the primary requisites of authorship, Mr. Buckland has not the third requisite—the art of writing. He has not even the rudiments of this art; and his book reads like the contents of a note-book thrown out pell-mell, with the addition of some small joking and well-thumbed Latin quotations, by way of giving the whole a "literary" air. This is the more to be regretted because, if the observations had been recorded simply, and the facts marshalled together in any order, the book would have had a permanent value. Even with all its faults, it will not be read without amusement and profit.

The first chapter is entitled a "Hunt in a Horsepond," and is a strange jumble of small jokes and amusing facts, especially on frogs, tadpoles, and newts. *Apologies* of frogs, he tells the following capital story:—

Returning from the University of Giessen, I brought with me about a dozen green tree-frogs, which I had caught in the woods near the town. The Germans call them *Laub Frosch*, or leaf-frog; they are most difficult things to find, on account of their colour so much resembling the leaves on which they live. I have frequently heard one singing in a small bush, and though I have searched carefully, have not been able to find him; the only way is to remain quite quiet till he again begins his song. After much ambush work, at length I collected a dozen frogs and put them in a bottle. I started at night on my homeward journey by the diligence, and I put the bottle containing the frogs into the pocket inside the diligence. My fellow-passengers were sleepy, old, smoke-dried Germans; very little conversation took place, and after the first mile, every one settled himself to sleep, and soon all were snoring. I suddenly awoke with a start, and found all the sleepers had been roused at the same moment. On their sleepy faces were depicted fear and anger. What had woke us all up so suddenly? The morning was just breaking, and my frogs, though in the dark pocket of the coach, had found it out; and, with one accord, all twelve of them had begun their morning song. As if at a given signal, they one and all of them began to croak as loud as ever they could. The noise their united concert made, seemed, in the closed compartment of the coach, quite deafening; well might the Germans look angry; they wanted to throw the frogs, bottle and all, out of the window, but I gave the bottle a good shaking, and made the frogs keep quiet. The Germans all went to sleep again, but I was obliged to remain awake, to shake the frogs when they began to croak. It was lucky that I did so, for they tried to begin their concert again two or three times.

He is great on the eating of frogs, and informs us that these delicacies may be purchased of Fortnum and Mason for half-a-guinea the case. And he gives naturalists a wholesome warning not to begin the dissection of a newt until it has been dead some hours, for on one occasion when he commenced the dissection, immediately after killing one, there issued a peculiar and very offensive odour which forced him to desist. He felt faint, and was obliged to lie down for a few minutes. An hour afterwards, the odour was entirely gone, and he finished his work. Every one must have noticed the alacrity with which a dog drops a newt or toad after taking it in his mouth, not relishing the acrid fluid which is secreted by the skin; and although the popular idea of a toad spitting poison is an absurdity, yet the anatomist should be cautious lest the secretion from the toad's skin spirt into his eye, or enter his blood through a scratch.

Our readers may not be uninterested to know that Mr. Buckland's father, the late Dean of Westminster, instituted a series of experiments with a view of testing the truth of the numerous stories in circulation respecting toads found alive in blocks of stone. The experiments occupy too much space to be recorded here in detail, but the results were unequivocal. Whenever the animals were enclosed in substances which admitted of no communication with the air, they died in a few months;

* *Curiosities of Natural History*. By Francis T. Buckland, M.A. London: Bentley. 1857.

whenever there was a communication, however slight, with the air, they lived, and what is more, *increased in weight*, showing that insects must have been admitted through the porous material. If, therefore, we suppose a young toad to have sought for shelter in the crevice of a rock, or tree, by some very narrow aperture, it would find abundance of nutriment in the insects which came there, and in the course of time would grow to a size which would prevent its egress. The hole may have been further blocked up by clay or gravel, yet still admitting the air, the toad would continue to flourish. Such a hole would easily escape the uncritical observation of workmen, who are the only people whose operations on stone and wood disclose animals living in such cavities; and thus the stories may be true, to a great extent, without there being the slightest foundation for the inference that toads are enabled to live in blocks of stone excluded from the atmosphere.

In the next chapter Mr. Buckland treats of "Rats"—a subject on which he is very learned, and which he contrives to render very instructive as well as very amusing. We cannot pause to quote any of the piquant details he has here collected, but must hurry on to the chapter on the *cobra di capello* for the sake of the following suggestive story:—

Nature, frequently prone to produce in inanimate substances models of her own living creations, has produced a plant that resembles a snake in a most remarkable manner. Some four years ago I received a drawing, said to be that of a cauliflower, from a gentleman who kindly forwarded it to me. The history of this cauliflower accompanied it; it is as follows:—"Sitting one day, in the year 1843, in the Palazzo Butera in Palermo, which opened upon the orangery, a lady walking there, exclaimed that a snake was in her path. We rushed to the rescue, and killed the snake as it retreated upon a bed of small cauliflowers. Its head was beaten into the earth beside one of them, which was injured thereby; but we heaped the earth again round its roots, and so covered the snake. Two years afterwards, I saw, in the same apartment, a large glass with something indescribable floating in it, when the same lady said, 'Don't you remember, when you were last here, killing a snake in the garden? That is the cauliflower at whose roots you smashed its head, and there you see the snake almost as you left it, and in its natural colour, but found transformed into the vegetable substance of the plant. We watched its marvellous growth, and then preserved it in spirits, after an artist had made an accurate drawing of it.'"

I confess I was surprised at the story, and put the drawing away; but a few days ago, passing through Covent Garden, I suddenly found the explanation of this extraordinary phenomenon. Growing in a pot was the fellow specimen to the Palermo snake cauliflower, and this a simple house leek (*Sedum Commune*), which, in certain stages of its growth, remarkably resembles a snake; and I can easily understand the lady making the mistake, that a snake should be converted into a vegetable substance such as the cauliflower; for where did the bones of the snake go to? where the skin? How could a cauliflower mould itself into the narrow skin of a snake which had not even an opening in it, and which would, under an Italian sun, become decomposed in a few hours?

Although few of us run much risk of being poisoned by the bite of a venomous snake in this country, yet, as even our adder is venomous, and we are all liable to travel into snake countries, it may be desirable to give Mr. Buckland's experience as to the best antidote. Having examined carefully all the evidence on record, he comes to the conclusion that the most efficacious internal medicine is ammonia—that is to say, the hartshorn which everybody suggests to revive a fainting woman. The best form of this ammonia is the preparation called *cau de luce*, which is composed of ammonia, spirits of wine, and oil of amber. Mr. Buckland has himself been poisoned by the *cobra di capello*, and speaks from terrible experience. He provoked the cobra to bite a rat, and then—

Anxious to see if the skin itself was affected, I scraped away the parts on it with my finger-nail. Finding nothing but the punctures, I threw the rat away and put the knife and skin in my pocket, and started to go away. I had not walked a hundred yards, before all of a sudden I felt just as if somebody had come behind me and struck me a severe blow on the head and neck, and at the same time I experienced a most acute pain and sense of oppression at the chest, as though a hot iron had been run in and a hundredweight put on the top of it. I knew instantly, from what I had read, that I was poisoned; I said as much to my friend, a most intelligent gentleman, who happened to be with me, and told him if I felt to give me brandy and *cau de luce*, words which he kept repeating in case he might forget them. At the same time I enjoined him to keep me going, and not on any account to allow me to lie down. I then forgot everything for several minutes, and my friend tells me I rolled about as if very faint and weak. He also informs me that the first thing I did was to fall against him, asking if I looked seedy. He most wisely answered, "No, you look very well." I don't think he thought so, for his own face was as white as a ghost; I recollect this much. He tells me my face was of a greenish yellow colour. After walking, or rather staggering along for some minutes, I gradually recovered my senses, and steered for the nearest chemist's shop. Rushing in I asked for *cau de luce*. Of course he had none, but my eye caught the words, "Spirit. ammon. co.," or hartshorn, on a bottle. I reached it down myself, and pouring a large quantity into a tumbler with a little water, both of which articles I found on a soda-water stand in the shop, drank it off, though it burnt my mouth and lips very much. Instantly I felt relief from the pain at the chest and head. The chemist stood abashed, and on my telling him what was the matter, recommended a warm bath. If I had then followed his advice, these words would never have been placed on record. After a second draught at the hartshorn bottle, I proceeded on my way, feeling very stupid and confused.

On arriving at my friend's residence close by, he kindly procured me a bottle of brandy, of which I drank four large wine-glasses one after the other, but did not feel the least tipsy after the operation. Feeling nearly well, I started on my way home, and then, for the first time, perceived a most acute pain under the nail of the left thumb; this pain also ran up the arm. I set to work to suck the wound, and then found out how the poison had got into the system. About an hour before I examined the dead rat, I had been cleaning the nail with a penknife, and had slightly separated the nail from the skin beneath. Into this little crack the poison had got when I was scraping the rat's skin to examine the wound. How virulent, therefore, must the poison of the cobra be! It already had been circulated in the body of the rat, from which I had imbibed it second-hand.

Such stories as these are very valuable, because the lesson is engraved on the memory, and in moments of peril the remedy is instantly suggested.

The next chapter is on "Fish and Fishing," but is the least interesting of the whole. The final chapter, on "My Monkey Jacko," is very amusing. There is something immensely ludicrous in the picture of this monkey sneaking into the knife-house, and indulging his mimicry by cleaning the knives, holding the blades in his hand, and sharpening the handle on the board—cutting himself, of course, in the process. Still more absurd is the picture of his cleaning the shoes, as he had seen the servant clean them—covering the shoe all over, sole and all, and then emptying the blacking-bottle into the hollow of the shoe. One morning Jacko took all the kitchen-candlesticks out of the cupboard, and arranged them on the fender before the fire, as he had seen the servants arrange them. Finding the black-lead in the cupboard, he took it to a bowl of water, wetted it, and was diligently rubbing the table all over, when the servants came in, and caught him in the act; whereupon he retreated to his basket, affecting entire innocence. One of his greatest treats was to have a warm bath. A large bowl of warm-water was given him:—

He would first of all cunningly test the temperature with his hand, and then gradually step into the bath, first one foot and then the other, finally, completely sitting down in it. Comfortably placed, he would then take the soap in his hands or feet, as the case might be, and rub himself all over. Having made a dreadful mess on the table, and finding the water becoming cold, the next part of the play was to get out and run as quickly as he could to the fire, where his coat soon became dry. If anybody laughed at him during this performance he would chatter and grin at them, and frequently even splash water out of the bath towards and sometimes over them.

THE INTERPRETER.*

MR. WHYTE MELVILLE has got to the end of another of the very agreeable tales which he contributes to *Fraser's Magazine*; and the story, which is called *The Interpreter*, is now republished in a volume of its own. It is the province of Mr. Melville to take us through naughty scenes, and bring us into company with naughty people, but in a very innocent and moral way; so that we enjoy the amusement of knowing the secrets of the wicked world, but are kept in a proper frame of mind, and are constantly put in the way of drawing good lessons for ourselves, even if the author does not stop to give a positive shape to his teaching. There is something in his tales which makes the reader feel a personal liking for the author, and this is one of the greatest charms which a story can possess. They are evidently written by a man of a sound heart and of unchilled affections. Perhaps, sometimes, there is a little excess of gentleness in the treatment of coarse and rough subjects. Mr. Melville's taste in literature is akin to that of persons who build grottoes with rose-coloured windows through which to look at waterfalls. He makes terrible things pleasant, and takes care that we shall never be really frightened or shocked. In *The Interpreter* there is a coquette of the first water, the wife of a Hungarian Prince, who goads a lover to madness by disputing every point of her nicely-calculated resistance, and who arranges, for a consideration, with the Austrian Government, that she is to make this lover quite happy if he will give her a list of his confederates in a plot. There is also a man-villain, a demon of a guardsman, who ruins an old Baronet, and, in order to obtain the hand of the Baronet's daughter, invents a little fiction that her lover comes of a mad family. Now, as the Yankee said of Niagara, there is "a tarnation sight of water-power" here; but the author cannot bear to look himself, or to let us look at it, as it really is. He takes us behind one of his rose-coloured windows, and then begins to paint; and his glass is stained so deeply that he actually brings both these creatures to the best of all possible ends. The Princess repents, goes through all sorts of early services and other devotional exercises, and spends her life in nursing her paralytic husband. The guardsman repents, marries, and "determines to make himself worthy of a lot the golden joys of which his youth would have sneered at." Waterfalls do not really comfort themselves in this very decent and charming manner; but we cannot help liking the painter whose goodness of heart makes him put a trick upon nature. If there were any traces of affectation or of false sentimentalism in Mr. Melville's stories, we should not care much for his rose-colour; but he evidently writes sincerely and honestly, and follows the natural bent of his mind when he looks at life through a bright medium.

The Interpreter is perhaps the best of the stories which Mr. Melville has published. It is quite free from that tendency to glorify feminine vulgarity which characterized *Kate Coventry*—it is entertaining, fresh, and varied. But it illustrates in a remarkable degree the effect which is produced on stories and storytellers by the circumstance of a tale appearing in distinct parts in a monthly magazine. It is, of course, possible that an author should carefully work out and write the whole, and then publish portions, of a convenient length, at any interval of time he pleased. When the publication was completed, the tale would be exactly the same as if it had originally been published as a whole. But this is not the way in which tales that appear in parts are ordinarily written. Readers cannot tax their memory to recall what has been told them a month ago. They know the

* *The Interpreter: a Tale of the War.* By G. J. Whyte Melville. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1858.

general outline of the story, but nothing more. It is requisite, therefore, that each portion should contain scenes complete in themselves, and that there should be as great a variety of scenes as possible. Mr. Melville constructs his stories upon this plan, and carries the principle to its extreme limits. If we take his volume in sections of about thirty pages, we find that every effort has been made to diversify the matter contained in it, and to break it up into parts, each intelligible and interesting in itself. The reader is transported by a succession of furious jumps from one set of characters to another, from scene to scene, and incident to incident. The tale has to deal with a hero in Turkey, and a heroine in England, besides Paris, Hungary, and the Crimean campaign. We hear of the villain weaving a deep scheme, which comes to nothing, because enough has been written for the February number. March has its allowance of a gallop on an Arab horse, a scene in an English boudoir, and a hunting party in a Hungarian forest. We know that we must have got into April when we pass to a stiff fight on the Danube, and thence to a description of a gay party of French ladies in a Pera hotel. We dance up and down the world, and are introduced to person after person without any very clear notion why we are moved, or what all these men and women have to do with us and with each other.

The consequence is that nothing is really worked out. The single parts are clever, but the parts are better than the whole. The hero remains a shadow, and the heroine the shadow of a shade. There is every now and then a hint, or a sentence, or the first sketch of a character, which makes us think that the story is going to receive some sort of continuity and consistency; but we are soon disappointed, and the author whirls us off to the nocturnal expedition of a Beloochee, or an assignation in an Austrian saloon. If each fraction of the *Interpreter* had been told in a circle of friends as a separate little story, and had been related as agreeably as it is written, we should have been very pleased to hear it. But a story that lasts through a volume requires a sustained interest, a coherent plot, and a unity of design. We cannot wish that Mr. Melville should cease to write tales for a magazine to which he has been so valuable a contributor, but we are sure that he will never write a story destined to achieve a permanent reputation, until he has constructed and worked out his plot without reference to the exigencies of periodical literature.

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JAMES EDMESTON, Jun. }

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MUSEUM.—On WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27th, at Eight o'clock, a Lecture,
on "Ancient and Modern Architectural Ornament Contrasted," will be delivered in
the Theatre, by JOHN P. SEDDON, Esq., F.S.A.

GEORGE GILBERT SCOTT, A.R.A., Treasurer.
JOSEPH CLARKE, F.S.A., Hon. Sec.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—THE PHOTOGRAPHIC

SOCIETY will Open their FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PHOTO-
GRAPHY early in FEBRUARY, at the South Kensington Museum. The exhibition
will not be restricted to members of the Society, but open to all, subject to the printed
regulations, which may be had on application at the Society's rooms, 1, New Coventry-
street, Piccadilly. All works intended for exhibition should be addressed to W. CROOKES,
Esq., Secretary of the Society, at the Museum, South Kensington, and delivered, with
all expenses paid, on the 1st or 2nd of February.

By Order of the Council.
January 8th, 1858. WILLIAM CROOKES, Secretary.

GEOLOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—PROFESSOR

TENNANT, F.G.S., will give a COURSE of LECTURES on GEOLOGY.
To commence on Wednesday Morning, January 27th, at Nine o'clock, and will be
continued on each succeeding Friday and Wednesday, at the same hour.

R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

GLOBE INSURANCE,

CORNHILL AND CHARING CROSS, LONDON.
ESTABLISHED 1803.

CAPITAL, ONE MILLION, ALL PAID-UP AND INVESTED.

FOWLER NEWSAM, Esq.—Chairman.
JOHN EDWARD JOHNSON, Esq.—Deputy-Chairman.
GEORGE CARR GLYN, Esq., M.P.—Treasurer.

FIRE, LIFE, ANNUITY, ENDOWMENT, and REVERSIONARY business
transacted.

A BONUS DIVISION will be made at 31st December, 1858, of Profits on the Life
Policies on the Participating Scale.

WILLIAM NEWMARCH, Secretary.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

TO SECURE THE ADVANTAGE OF THIS YEAR'S ENTRY, PROPOSALS
MUST BE LODGED AT THE HEAD OFFICE, OR AT ANY OF THE
SOCIETY'S AGENCIES, ON OR BEFORE THE FIRST OF MARCH.

MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE.

THE WHOLE PROFITS DIVIDED AMONGST THE ASSURED.

THE SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE

SOCIETY.
INCORPORATED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

The Fund accumulated from the Contributions of Members exceeds ONE MILLION
STERLING.

The Annual Revenue exceeds ONE HUNDRED and SEVENTY-SIX THOUSAND
POUNDS.

The Amount of Existing Assurances exceeds FOUR MILLIONS AND THREE
QUARTERS.

The Amount paid to the Representatives of Deceased Members is upwards of Nine
Hundred Thousand Pounds, of which One Hundred and Twenty Thousand Pounds
consisted of Bonus Additions.

A Division of Profits is made every Three Years, the next Division being at
1st March, 1859.

Head Office:—26, ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.
ROBERT CHRISTIE, Manager.
WILLIAM FINLAY, Secretary.

London Office:—26, POULTRY, E.C.
ARCHD. T. RITCHIE, Agent.

Western London Office:—6A, JAMES'S STREET, WESTBOURNE TERRACE, W.
CHARLES B. LEVER, Solicitor, Agent.

FORTY FIRST REPORT OF THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK. At a GENERAL MEETING of the SHAREHOLDERS, held at the Banking-house of the Company, in Princes-street, Mansion House, on THURSDAY, the 21st of January, 1858.

WILLIAM BIRD, Esq., *Chairman.*
GEORGE MEEK, Esq., *Deputy-Chairman.*
DIRECTORS.

William Bird, Esq.
William Blount, Esq.
Alderman Sir George Carroll.
William Miller Christy, Esq.
Alderman Sir James Duke, Bart., M.P.
Philip William Flower, Esq.
George Holgate Foster, Esq.
Francis Bennett Goldney, Esq.
William Ormsby Gore, Esq.

Henry Grace, Esq.
William J. Lancaster, Esq.
Sir John M'Taggart, Bart.
George Meek, Esq.
Ambrose Moore, Esq.
John Timothy Oxley, Esq.
John Joseph Silva, Esq.
George Tayler, Esq.

The Manager—GEORGE POLLARD, Esq.
Solicitors—Messrs. CLARKE and MORICE.

The following Report was presented:—
The annexed Accounts exhibit the position of the Bank on the 31st ultimo, and it will be seen that, after providing for all losses and charges, there remains a net Profit of £23,568 9s. 0d., which the Directors have appropriated as follows, viz.:

£	s.	d.	
37,600	0	0	to a Dividend at the rate of 12½ per cent. per annum.
30,000	0	0	to a Bonus of 10s. per Share.
16,068	0	0	to the credit of the Guarantee Fund.

By the above addition and the accruing interest, the Guarantee Fund is raised to £157,014 9s. 1d., and the Directors feel very confident that this augmentation of their reserve will be satisfactory to the Shareholders, when viewed in connexion with the enlarged scale of the Bank's operations.

The Dividend and Bonus, free from Income Tax, will be payable on and after Friday, the 29th instant.

The following gentlemen, who retire in the order of rotation—viz., Sir James Duke, Bart., M.P., Ambrose Moore, Esq., William Bird, Esq., and John Timothy Oxley, Esq., offer themselves for re-election; and the lamented death of Archibald Hastie, Esq., M.P., having caused another vacancy at the Board, Donald Larnach, Esq., a duly qualified Shareholder, who has given the necessary notice, presents himself as a Candidate for the vacant seat.

The Directors cannot allow this opportunity to pass without some expression of their high sense of the honourable character of their deceased friend and colleague, whose zealous exertions were never wanting when required to promote the interest of the Bank; and they feel assured that the Proprietors will participate in their regret for his loss.

The Shareholders have already been apprised by advertisement of the recent retirement from the Direction of Thomas Tilson, Esq., who, having undertaken important public duties, has considered it necessary, much to the regret of his brother Directors, to resign his seat at the Board.

An extraordinary Meeting of Proprietors will be called for the 1st April next, to elect his successor.

The preceding Report having been read to the Meeting by the Secretary, a Dividend, for the half-year ending the 31st December last, after the rate of £12½ per centum per annum, and a further division of 10s. per Share out of the net profits of the year ending as above, were declared by the Chairman.

Resolved unanimously,—That the Report now read be received, and that it be printed for the use of the Shareholders.

The following Directors having retired by rotation, were unanimously re-elected, viz., Sir James Duke, Bart., M.P., Ambrose Moore, Esq., William Bird, Esq., John Timothy Oxley, Esq., and Donald Larnach, Esq., who was also unanimously elected a Director in the place of Archibald Hastie, Esq., M.P., deceased.

It was then Resolved unanimously,—That the best thanks of this Meeting be tendered to the Directors for their excellent general management, and especially for having made an addition to the Guarantee Fund.

Resolved unanimously,—That its thanks be also offered to Mr. Pollard for his valuable services in connexion with this Bank.

(Signed) WM. BIRD, *Chairman.*
JNO. WARDROPE, *Secretary.*
Extracted from the Minutes,

LIABILITIES AND ASSETS, THURSDAY, 31st DEC. 1857. THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK.

Dr.		
To Capital paid up, viz., 60,000 Shares at £10 each	£600,000	0 0
To Amount due by the Bank	10,737,580	19 4
To Amount of "The Guarantee Fund," 30th June, 1857	£168,421	13 7
To Six Months' Interest on ditto, at £3 per cent. per annum	2,520	6 0
	170,948	0 1
To undivided Profit for the last Half-year	9,246	19 3
To Amount carried to Profit and Loss Account	157,107	14 4
	£11,674,933	13 0
Cr.		
By Exchequer Bills, India Bonds, and Government Stock	1,199,644	1 1
By Cash, Loans, Bills discounted, and other Securities	10,431,664	11 11
By Building, Furniture, &c., in Princes-street	£35,700	0 0
By ditto ditto in Pall Mall	7,875	0 0
	43,575	0 0
	£11,674,933	13 0

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT OF THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK FOR THE HALF-YEAR ENDING 31st DEC. 1857.

Dr.		
To Current Expenses, Proportion of Building Expenses, Directors' Remuneration, Bad Debts, Income Tax, &c.	£40,959	1 6
To Amount carried to Profit and Loss, New Account, being rebate of Interest on Bills discounted not yet due	41,829	3 1
To Dividend Account for the payment of half-year's Dividend, at the rate of £12½ per centum per annum, upon £600,000, amount of paid up Capital upon 60,000 Shares	37,600	0 0
To ditto, for the payment of a Bonus of 10s. per Share	30,000	0 0
To Amount carried to the Guarantee Fund	16,068	0 0
	£166,354	13 7
Cr.		
By Balance brought down	£157,107	14 4
By undivided Profit brought forward from the last half-year	9,246	19 3
	£166,354	13 7

THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK.

ESTABLISHED IN 1830.

HEAD OFFICE—PRINCES STREET, MANSION HOUSE.

WESTERN BRANCH—69, PALL MALL.

Subscribed Capital, £3,000,000. Paid-up Capital, £600,000.
Guarantee Fund, £187,014.

Accounts of Parties are kept agreeably to the custom of London Bankers. Parties keeping Banking Accounts with the Bank can at all times transfer to a Deposit Account such portion of their Balance as they may not immediately require, upon which interest at the current rate of the day will be allowed.

Deposits are also received from Parties not Customers, either at call or for fixed periods, on interest at the Market Rates.

The Agency of Joint Stock, and other Country and Foreign Banks, undertaken on such terms as may be agreed upon.

Investments in, and Sales of, all descriptions of British and Foreign Securities, Bullion, Specie, &c., effected.

Dividends on English and Foreign Funds, on Railway and other Shares, Debentures, and Coupons, received without charge to customers. Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency transacted, and Letters of Credit granted on the Continent, and on the chief Commercial Towns of the World.

BANK OF LONDON.—At the SECOND SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders, held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, on Thursday, the 21st of January, 1858.

PRESENT,

SIR JOHN VILLIERS SHELLEY, Bart., M.P., in the Chair,
JOHN GRIFFITH FRITH, Esq., *Vice-Chairman.*

John Edmund Anderson, Esq.
Colonel William Elsey, H.E.I.C.S.
Thomas Gooch, Esq.
John Johnson, Esq.
Charles Joyce, Esq.

Thomas Luce, Esq., M.P.
Henry Morris, Esq.
Sir Henry Muggersidge, Alderman,
Aldred Wilson, Esq.

DIRECTORS;

MATTHEW MARSHALL, jun., Esq., *Manager,*
and Ninety-six Proprietors,

The following Report was read by the Secretary:—

"The Directors have pleasure in reporting that business has satisfactorily progressed since they last met the Proprietors. A balance statement, showing the position of the Bank on the 31st December, 1857, and a profit and loss account at the same date, are appended, by which it will be seen that, after payment of £23,755 7s. to customers, for interest on current and deposit accounts, their remained, at that date, a balance of gross profit of £26,727 14s. 10d.

"Out of this sum have been defrayed current expenses at the Threadneedle-street establishment and the Charing-cross Branch, Directors' remuneration, and bad and doubtful debts. After passing through a commercial crisis of unparalleled severity, it will be needless to state that the amount of such debts has somewhat exceeded the general average; but your Directors have been able, out of the profits of the half-year, to write off all losses, and to make ample provision for doubtful contingencies. They have carried forward to profit and loss new account £3297 6s. 4d. for rebate of discount on bills not matured; and they have also written off £724 7s. 6d. the expenses incurred in procuring the conviction of Lawson and Cockburn for conspiracy and libel. After making these provisions, the Directors have the satisfaction of declaring a dividend upon the paid-up capital for the half-year at the rate of £5 per cent. per annum, free of income tax, leaving a balance of £202 17s. 2d. to be carried to the credit of profit and loss new account.

"Your Directors have registered the Bank under the Bank Act of the last Session (20 and 21 Vic., cap. 49), in compliance with the requirements of that Act. No material alteration in the government or constitution of the Bank results from this registration.

"A vacancy in the direction having been caused by the retirement of Mr. Tonides, several duly qualified shareholders have intimated their intention of becoming candidates for the seat, but your Directors are of opinion that the interests of the Bank will be best promoted by delaying for the present to fill up the vacancy."

BANK OF LONDON.

LIABILITIES AND ASSETS.—DECEMBER 31st, 1857.

Dr.			
To capital paid-up	£300,000	0 0	
To reserve fund	£4,497	17 6	
To half-year's interest, at £4 per cent.	89	19 2	
	4,587	16 8	
To amount due by the Bank on current, deposit, and other accounts	1,114,943	7 10	
To amount carried to credit or "profit and loss" account	£50,483	1 10	
Less amount paid to customers for interest paid on their balances	23,755	7 0	
	26,727	14 10	
	£1,446,158	19 4	

Cr.			
By investments, viz.:			
In Government securities	£310,393	11 6	
In other securities	60,898	0 5	
	£371,291	11 11	
By freehold premises in Threadneedle-street	75,000	0 0	
By bills discounted, loans, and cash	990,635	13 3	
By preliminary expenses	6,617	5 5	
By lease and buildings at Charing-cross Branch, furniture, &c.	2,614	8 9	
	£1,446,158	19 4	

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT, FOR THE HALF-YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1857.

Dr.			
To half-year's current expenses at Head Office and Charing-cross Branch, bad and doubtful debts, income-tax, Directors' remuneration, &c.	£414,403	3 10	
To rebate of interest on bills discounted not yet due, carried to profit and loss new account	3,297	6 4	
To amount written off for expenses incurred in conviction of Lawson and Cockburn for conspiracy and libel	724	7 6	
To dividend, at the rate of £5 per cent. per annum, for the half-year ending Dec. 31st, 1857	7,500	0 0	
To balance carried to profit and loss new account	802	17 2	
	£26,727	14 10	
By balance of profit brought down	£26,727	14 10	

(Signed) ROBERT PORTER,
GEORGE THOMSON,
HENRY ASTE, } Auditors.

Examined and approved, January 16th, 1858.
It was resolved unanimously,—That the Report now read be received and printed, and a copy sent to each Proprietor.

The Chairman announced that the Dividend would be payable on Thursday, the 28th inst.

Resolved unanimously,—That the best thanks of the Proprietors be offered to the Chairman and Directors for the ability with which they have conducted the affairs of the Bank during the past half-year.

Resolved unanimously,—That the Manager and officers of the Bank are entitled to the thanks of this Meeting, for the zeal and ability displayed by them in the execution of their respective duties.

Extracted from the Minutes.

BENJAMIN SCOTT, Secretary.

Threadneedle-street, Jan. 21st, 1858.

A WRITER and REVIEWER, of considerable experience, and well acquainted with English and German literature, would be glad to find regular employment. Address, M. L., Post-office, Charing-cross, London.

EDUCATION—ST. ANDREWS.

THE ASSISTANT-PROFESSOR OF LATIN in the UNIVERSITY of ST. ANDREWS, formerly of Balliol College, Oxford, and latterly for Ten Years a Master of Rugby School, will be happy to receive into his Family two Young Gentlemen as Private Pupils, or as Students of St. Andrew's University, or to be prepared for English Public Schools, Examinations, &c., or for the English Universities.

Reference may be made to the Right Rev. The Bishop of London; and the Rev. Frederick Temple, Head Master of Rugby School; or to the Solicitor-General of Scotland, Edinburgh.

READING GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

The Vacation terminates February 1st, 1858.

Pupils prepared for the Universities, the Military and Civil Services, and for the new Examination for Associate of Arts.

PREFERMENTS as arranged by H.M. University Commissioners.

Two Scholarships at St. John's College, Oxford, open to the whole School, value £100 per annum each. A Vacancy twice in Five Years.

There are also Local Scholarships tenable at the School.

For particulars, address the Rev. the Head-Master, Reading School.

EAST KENT RAILWAY.

OPENING OF THE LINE FROM CHATHAM TO FAVERSHAM.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the FIRST SECTION of the EAST KENT RAILWAY from CHATHAM to FAVERSHAM will be opened for Public Traffic on and after Monday the 25th instant.

G. F. HOLROYD, Secretary.

East Kent Railway Offices, 2, Moorgate-street, City, 21st January, 1858.

EAST KENT RAILWAY.

THE SHORTEST AND CHEAPEST ROUTE from LONDON, MAIDSTONE, and all Stations on the North Kent Line, to SITTINGBOURNE, FAVERSHAM, CANTERBURY, and DOVER.

EAST KENT RAILWAY.

THE SHORTEST ROUTE to RAMSGATE, MARGATE, SANDWICH, and DEAL.

EAST KENT RAILWAY.

ALL TRAINS on the EAST KENT RAILWAY are First, Second, and closed Third Class, and run in connexion with the Up and Down Trains on the North Kent Line.

EAST KENT RAILWAY.

FAST Four-horse Omnibuses between the Company's Office, High-street, Canterbury, and the Railway Station, Faversham, Five times a-day each way, in connexion with the Up and Down Trains, on and after the 25th instant.

Through fares, London to Canterbury, and vice versa:—
1st Class. 2nd Class. 3rd Class.
Single Tickets . . . 9s. 0d. 6s. 6d. 4s. 10d.
Return Tickets, available for two days . . . 14s. 3d. 10s. 6d. 8s. 0d.
For further particulars see Company's Time Bill.

P. D. FINNIGAN, Traffic Manager.
Traffic Manager's Office, Chatham, January, 1858.

EAST KENT RAILWAY.

TRAINS from LONDON, in connexion with the NORTH KENT LINE (on and after the 25th January, 1858), at 8 and 10.15 A.M., and 2, 4.20, and 5.50 P.M.
Omnibuses from Canterbury to Faversham at 7.35 and 8.30 A.M., and 12.25, 2.40, and 4.30 P.M.

P. D. FINNIGAN, Traffic Manager.

INDIA, AUSTRALIA, &c.—Every requirement for Private, Naval, and Military Outfits, furnished at the shortest notice, by S. W. SILVER and Co., Manufacturers, at their Warehouses, Nos. 66 and 67, Cornhill, and 3 and 4, Bishopsgate-street (opposite the London Tavern), where their Waterproof Fabrics and India-rubber Manufactures may be had in every variety.

BRIDAL COSTUME.—A. BLACKBORNE begs most respectfully to inform the Nobility and Gentry that he has just received a great novelty in a SPANISH BRIDAL BRUXELLES LACE VEIL, and invites inspection of the same.—SPANISH BRUXELLES DEPOT, 56A, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

REAL SPANISH MANTILLAS.—A. BLACKBORNE begs to inform the Nobility and Gentry that he has received a large consignment of the above MANTILLAS, now so requisite for Evening Costume, considerably under their usual prices.—SPANISH DEPOT, 56A, South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square.

ASYLUM.—MRS. GRIFFIN, favourably known during many years at Hanwell, has removed to Rainslip Park, near Uxbridge, there to continue her successful reception and care of Ladies mentally afflicted.—Address as above, or to Dr. LANGLEY, 29, King-street, Portman-square, W.

DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL, entirely free from nauseous flavour and after-taste, is prescribed with the greatest success by the Faculty as the safest, speediest, and most effectual remedy for Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Diseases of the Skin, Neuralgia, Rickets, Infantile Wasting, General Debility, and all Scrofulous Affections. Numerous spontaneous testimonials from physicians of European reputation attest that, in innumerable cases, where other kinds of Cod Liver Oil had been long and copiously administered, with little or no benefit, Dr. de Jongh's Oil has produced immediate relief, arrested disease, and restored health.—Sold ONLY in IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; pints, 4s. 6d.; quarts, 9s.; capuled and labelled with Dr. de Jongh's stamp and signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE, by most respectable Chemists throughout the provinces.

ANSAR, HARFORD, AND CO., 77, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

DR. DE JONGH'S SOLE BRITISH CONSIGNERS.

FOR STOPPING DECAYED TEETH.—Patronized by Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Prince Consort. Mr. HOWARD'S PATENT WHITE SUCCEEDANUM, for filling decayed Teeth, however large the cavity. It is used in a soft state, without any pressure or pain, and in a short time becomes as hard as the enamel, lasting for many years, rendering extraction unnecessary and arresting all further decay. Sold by all Medicine Vendors, price 2s. 6d.

THE LONDON WINE COMPANY, Limited, with power to raise Capital to the extent of £100,000. Chief Offices and Cellars, 43 and 44, Lime-street; Branch Office and Cellars, 1, Princes-street, Regent-street.

The Directors of the London Wine Company have made arrangements with Cultivators of the Vine in the various Wine-producing Countries of Europe, to be supplied with pure Wines and Brandy direct from the places of growth, and they can thus offer advantages seldom to be met with in other quarters; for example, they can sell Sparkling and Creaming Champagne at 45s. 6d. per dozen, which is usually sold at 60s., and often at 72s.; a pure Claret at 30s., worth, according to the tariffs issued by retailers, Three and Four Guineas per dozen; Sherry (Light Gold, Golden, or Brown) at 36s.; this Wine is shipped to the London Wine Company by the eminent Firm, Duff, Gordon, and Co., and can with difficulty be met with elsewhere under 48s. to 54s. per dozen; Ports, from 38s. per dozen upwards, according to age.

HENRY ROBERTSON, Manager.

WINE FROM SOUTH AFRICA. PORT, SHERRY, &c. TWENTY SHILLINGS PER DOZEN.

These wines, the produce of a British colony which has escaped the vine disease (the vintage occurring in February may account for the same), are in consequence wholesome, and are warranted free from acidity and brandy—are admitted by Her Majesty's Customs at half-duty, hence the low prices. A Pint Sample Bottle of each for twenty-four stamps. Bottles included. Packages allowed for when returned. "We have taken the trouble to try Mr. Denman's wines, and have also submitted them to several of the clergy, and the opinion formed is that they are worthy of being patronized."—*Clerical Journal*, Oct. 22nd, 1857.

EXCELSIOR BRANDY, Pale or Brown, 15s. per gallon, or 30s. per dozen. TERMS—CASH. Country orders must contain a remittance. Cheques to be crossed "Bank of London."

J. L. DENMAN, Wine and Spirit Importer, 65, Fenchurch-street. Counting-house entrance, first door on the left up Railway-place.

A RETIRED PHYSICIAN, whose sands of life have nearly run out, discovered while in the East Indies a certain cure for consumption, asthma, bronchitis, coughs, colds, &c. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. He had heard much of the wonderful restorative and healing qualities of preparations made from the East India Hemp, and the thought occurred to him that he might make a remedy for his child. He studied hard, and succeeded in realizing his wishes. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. He has since administered the wonderful remedy to thousands of sufferers in all parts of the world, and he has never failed in making them completely healthy and happy. Wishing to do as much good as possible, he will send to such of his afflicted fellow-beings as request it, this Recipe, with full and explicit directions for making it up and successfully using it. He requires each applicant to enclose him six stamps—one to be returned as postage on the Recipe, and the remainder to be applied to the payment of this advertisement.—Address H. JAMES, M.D., 14, Cecil-street, Strand.

NEW BOOKS.—Twopence Discount in the Shilling off all New Books, Magazines, Diaries, Pocket-Books, Almanacs, &c. 74, Cannon-street, City, E.C. WM. DAWSON AND SONS have REOPENED the above PREMISES with a large selection of BOOKS in cloth and elegant bindings, suitable for Christmas Presents and New Year's Gifts. Wm. Dawson and Sons have also on Sale a large and well-selected Stock of Second-hand Books in good condition, at moderate prices.

1858 ACCOUNT BOOKS.

WM. DAWSON AND SONS having completed extensive Alterations, by which means they are enabled to afford increased facilities in the execution of Orders, have REOPENED their PREMISES with a New Stock of Account Books of the best workmanship. Also Writing Papers, Envelopes, and every description of Stationery, suitable both for Mercantile and Private Use. Samples, with lists of Prices, forwarded on application.

WM. DAWSON and Sons, Stationers, Booksellers, and Printers, 74, Cannon-street, London Bridge, E.C. Established 1809.

CHEAP BOOKS.—Surplus Copies of Macaulay's History of England; Anderson's Lake Ngami; The Heir of Redclyffe; Carlyle's Life of Schiller; Albert Smith's Mont Blanc; Dymvor Terrace; Haydon's Life; and many other Books, are now on sale at BULL'S LIBRARY, at greatly reduced prices. Catalogues sent post free on application; also Prospectuses of the Library.

Bull's Library, 19, Holles-street, Cavendish-square, London, W.

Now ready, Postage free,

A LIST OF SURPLUS COPIES OF RECENT WORKS with- drawn from MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, and offered at greatly reduced prices for Cash.

CHARLES EDWARD MUDIE, New Oxford-street, London, and Cross-street, Manchester

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.—NOTICE.—C. E. MUDIE has the pleasure to announce that the alterations in progress at his Library are now sufficiently advanced to provide increased accommodation for the Subscribers, and greater facilities for the rapid exchange of Books. The supplies of the higher class of Works, for the circulation of which the Library was originally established, are also largely increased, and will be further augmented by the addition of nearly One Hundred Thousand Volumes in the course of the present and ensuing Season.

509, New Oxford-street, January, 1858.

NEW AND CHOICE BOOKS

IN CIRCULATION AT

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

A Timely Retreat (from Meerut). Hare's Sermons on Special Occasions. Livingstone's Travels in Africa. 3000 Copies.

Adele. By Julia Kavanagh. 1500 Copies.

Memoirs of Charlotte Brontë. 1500 Copies.

Atkinson's Travels in Siberia. 2000 Copies.

Tom Brown's School Days. 2000 Copies.

Conybear and Howson's St. Paul. 1000 Copies.

Life of George Stephenson. 1000 Copies.

Masson's Essays.—Riverston. 1000 Copies.

A Woman's Thoughts about Women. 1000 Copies.

Carle's Life of Bishop Armstrong. 1000 Copies.

Quits. By the Author of "The Initials." 1000 Copies.

Scott's Domestic Architecture. 1000 Copies.

Essays. By Herbert Spencer. 1000 Copies.

Autobiography of Lutfullah. 1000 Copies.

Debit and Credit.—Caste. 1000 Copies.

Ruskin's Economy of Art. 1000 Copies.

The Three Chances.—Hassan. 1000 Copies.

Montaigne. By Bayle St. John. 1000 Copies.

Macaulay's England. Vols. III. and IV. 2000 Copies.

Macaulay's England. Vols. III. and IV. 2000 Copies.

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